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A SOUTH AMERICAN CITY. — GUAYAQUIL.

EVERY ONE knows that our summer is the winter of our neighbors south of the Equator, and *vice versa*, but perhaps it does not occur to all that there are other things than the seasons reversed. For instance, people speak of going down the coast, when they mean coming North, and if we should take one of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's Steamers at Panamá for Valparaiso, we must go up the coast of South America. Going up the coast, then, our first stopping place, as they say of a railroad train, will be at Guayaquil. The steamer remains there but twenty-four hours, but we have landed and made a stay in this odd, sleepy-looking town, and have found it interesting and worth knowing all about. Now, how much do we generally know about the State of Ecuador? We know its boundaries, capital, and sea-port, but not much more. Do we realize that Ecuador is a sovereign republican State, one of the United States of Colombia? Do we realize that Quito, its capital (that it is some five thousand or more feet above the sea, we all know, of course), is nearly three hundred miles from the coast, and that Guayaquil is almost the only sea-port of the entire State? I say almost, because there are one or two slight indentations, but except these insecure resting places, the coast is exposed to the accumulated roll of the broad Pacific Ocean, which, whether breaking on the smooth, even beach, or dashing against merciless rocks, is nearly equally dangerous. No ships can anchor off this inhospitable shore, but with cables ready to slip, and sails ready to unfurl, at the notice of

a coming wind. Fortunately, a river runs down into the sea, and invites all vessels in. This is the river Guayas, and we turn into it. Very broad at the mouth, it spreads out into a confusion of channels, and we are obliged to stop opposite an island, with three or four miserable hovels on it (this handful of dirty houses is called the town of Puná), and a frail canoe pushes off from the land, and is paddled by two men up to the steamer's side. One of them jumps quickly up and scrambles to the gangway, while the swift current sweeps the little canoe away astern, like a flash. But the man with the paddle knows all about it, and soon paddles across to the shore. The other man, who remains on board the steamer, is dressed in very loose blue cotton trousers, loose jacket, no vest, and broad-brimmed hat. He is the pilot, and takes his station on the bridge, as it is called, between the two paddle-boxes, whence he gives his orders to the helmsman.

We go along slowly, so close to the shore, first on one side of the river and then on the other, that we could almost pull the boughs from the trees as we pass. The current runs so swiftly that we have to go close to the bank to avoid it. If we kept in midstream, we should get along very slowly, for our captain has said that the force of the current was, at some times, equal to eight miles an hour. But close to the shore, we hardly notice it, and it takes but six or seven hours to run the fifty miles distance to Guayaquil. Opposite the city at last, we drop anchor, but before saying any thing about the looks and

impressions of the place, we ought to know something about its importance.

As I said, it is the only real and safe sea-port of the State, and all the imported necessities, comforts, and luxuries, that come into the State, must be landed at Guayaquil. So also, all the exports pass through this single house of Customs. You see, then, that there must be some traffic, and on inquiry, we learn that not only these steam-packets between Panamá and Valparaiso stop here both ways, but that the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have a separate line between Panamá and Guayaquil, and another between Guayaquil and Callao, the chief port of Peru. Running up the river Guayas, there is an American line of small steamboats, owned by Mr. Game, the former United States Consul. These little steamers came from New York in pieces, and were put together here to run up this river. They go nearly a hundred miles on the journey to Quito, and every trip they are heavily loaded with freight and passengers. Besides all this steam communication, there are almost always four or five merchant sailing vessels lying alongside the mole (*la muelle* it is called in Spanish), or at anchor in the stream. Generally, these vessels are French, and are unloading their cargoes of silks, wines, etc., or are taking in loads of *cacao*, — the crude nut, from which chocolate is made. I may say more of that by and by.

As the steamer approaches, every thing betokens activity. Great rafts are lying near the shores of the river, with great quantities of fruit on them. They are called *balsas* by the natives, the timbers of which they are built being of *balsa* wood, and are very large. Many of them, nearly all of them, in fact, have on them small houses built of logs, where the owner of the *balsa* and his family live. Sometimes they cultivate a little garden in front of their houses, and not unfrequently keep hens and chickens. The women wash their clothes in front of their doors, and hang them on the line there, also. Water is abundant, and can be had with no other exertion than that of dipping a pail into the river. No trouble about slops and dirt — every thing is hustled off the side of the *balsa* into the water. The *balsa* is their home; the children's play-ground is over the timbers and round the house, and the sport sometimes includes a plunge into the river. But they swim easily, and cling to the timbers of their play-ground. Many a woman, a *mater-familias*, never puts her foot off her *balsa* to the shore, for months, or even years. In what is called a water *balsa* (*balsa de agua*) the

raft is made with square holes, or net-like places, in which are set long, large jars of water. In this way is brought all the water to the city, for the inhabitants to drink. A ship, also, takes in water from a water *balsa*, alongside. As the tide rises and falls at the city, the water of the river is, of course, brackish, and unfit to drink, and as there are no springs nor wells in the immediate region, all the water drunk in Guayaquil comes to it in these huge floating islands.

Do not try to purchase fruit while the steamer is in port. Wait till she is gone, and you will find that prices are suddenly diminished to about one half. The especial fruit, among many, for which Guayaquil is famous, is the pine-apple. And here let me say that there is a vast difference between pine-apples on their native soil, plucked from their spiny plants, when their delicious fragrance proclaims them just ripe, and our imported, sapless pine-apples, picked when green, and ripened with sheer age, instead of their own juicy nutriment. The Guayaquil pine-apple is a long, narrow fruit, some of them being over twelve inches in length, clear and white inside, sprinkled over with small black pips, the rich juice of which will fill two soup-plates in the mere process of breaking up. For, they say in this land of pine-apples, a pine-apple should never be cut with a knife, but broken with a fork.

Other fruits are in abundance and perfection, such as oranges, bananas, plantains, plums, figs, melons, lemons, limes, and cocoa-nuts. The natives bring them off to the steamer in canoes. Chickens, turkeys, eggs, sweetmeats (*dulces*), and all things edible, are also in the canoe. Not pell-mell in the bottom, however, but laid out in large calabashes, and made to look as tempting as possible. As all these things are offered for sale at the steamer's side, the passengers look on with interested gaze, watching the stewards lay in large supplies of fruit. But many a one lays in a private store for his own particular palate. Such a chattering of Spanish, and such a misunderstanding of English, as are going on all this time, would be difficult to describe. "Naranjas!" "Piñas!" ("Oranges!" "Pine-apples!") shout the swarthy venders, pointing to the great calabashes full of the tempting fruit.

At length, gathering up the last remaining parts and parcels of luggage, we all get into a boat, manned by four sailors, to go ashore, — and short as the distance seems to the land, the trip is a long one. The coxswain of the boat sits in his box, tiller in hand, ready to give the word; the bow-oarsman is standing in the bow, holding

tightly to a line made fast to one of the vessel's stanchions; while the rest of the boat's crew sit in their places, ready to seize and run out their oars. At last, all the passengers being seated, and their "traps" put carefully away, the coxswain calls out,—"Stand by! Shove off!!"—the bow-oar casts off his line, and springs to his seat, the oars are quickly caught up and let fall in the water, but by the time the coxswain gives the order, "Give way strong, boys!" we are a long way astern of the steamer. The oars begin to ply, however, and good strong arms soon stop the going astern, but for a few moments it seems up-hill work, and no progress is visible. At last, however, the boat's nose, as sailors say, is headed a little in shore, the boat gradually brought close in to the bank, and then we make headway, soon come abreast of the steamer again, and at last, land at the steps. That little distance, hardly more than a biscuit's toss, we have occupied twenty minutes in reaching, thanks to the swift current of the river.

What a singular old town! is the first idea; what a dirty, tumble-down old place! That thought is natural enough, but it is, in some respects, a transient one, and easily accounted for. The street we land upon is a wide, paved street, bordered on one side by stores and dwellings, and on the other, by the wooden mole, or levee, running a short distance along the bank of the river. This is the principal street of Guayaquil, and is called the Malecon. All the other streets that we can see, of course run at right angles to the Malecon, and these streets lead the view up into the skirts of the town, where the houses are old, mouldy, dirty, and generally shabby. In these neighborhoods, the streets are filthy and disagreeable. So that the first view of Guayaquil is, ordinarily, by far the worst one. It is seen from the steamer, and the eye involuntarily takes in chiefly the prospect of the cross streets, leading, as I said, to the rear and most unpleasant part of the city. Even the Malecon, which, though in the foreground, is lower than the back part of the city, is usually overlooked. But if we look at some of the buildings on the Malecon, we may notice some really fine ones. Nearly all are of three storeys, and each floor has a separate life.

In the basement, or ground-floor, are stores, some of the dry-goods stores being very handsome in their display; on the second floor are the lower orders, washerwomen, perhaps, and workmen; while the third floor contains the dwellings of the richer and better classes of society. This seems rather the reverse of our own ideas of comfort, but it is universal in Guayaquil. It seemed, certainly, a little singular to make purchases on one floor, send washing to be done on the floor above, and in the evening, to mount one storey higher, in the same building, to attend a *soiree* or a ball. Each floor is perfectly distinct, however. A separate stairway leads immediately to the third floor, without passing through any of the apartments on the second. Some buildings are of but



[Malecon.]

two storeys, and in them, it is always the second storey, with its tenants, that is omitted. On the street running parallel with the Malecon, immediately behind it, are some very handsome, well-built, smoothly-plastered buildings. They are all surrounded by a long and wide piazza, which frequently serves as parlor, sitting-room, or breakfast-room. These piazzas are shaded from the heat of the day by large white canvas curtains, which are rolled up towards evening. Hammocks are always slung there, to invite one to a lounge, or perhaps a nap. The dwelling and store of one Señor Coronel, on this street, is a very fine one. It occupies an entire block. This gentleman is a native of Ecuador, and has acquired there an immense fortune, by his sagacity and enterprise. His house is furnished with elegance. Other private houses, nearly all includ-

ing store and warerooms, on the lower storey, are fine and serviceable buildings, built for that climate, certainly, and so differing very much from our own dwellings, which must guard chiefly against cold, but neat and even elegant residences. They are built to admit as much air as possible, with enormous windows, halls, and doors. Every passing breeze must be tempted in, not excluded.

Their seasons are but two, the wet and the dry. The wet season extends from December to May, and is very close, hot, and disagreeable. The dry season, from June to November, is by far the pleasantest.

On the Malecon is a large public building, which, at one time, must have been a Jesuit Convent, but is now a City Hall. It is, apparently, very old, and is surmounted by a tower, which bears aloft an old clock. In the third street, however, which runs parallel with the Malecon, is a Cathedral, which is, in some respects, quite a striking looking building, as you can see by the picture. I must confess, though, that it is badly kept, and has not a very neat appearance. On one side is a school, which is called, by courtesy it would seem, a college. There is another church in Guayaquil, but, though in use, it is an



[Cathedral.]

old and ugly building. There are some beautiful marble statues in the Cathedral, erected by a Señor Gonzales, who is one of the most intelligent, cultivated, and public-spirited citizens of Guayaquil. These statues are erected to the memory of an uncle, formerly Archbishop of Ecuador, and two other relatives. As works of art, they are beautiful, but expensive as well, for they were made in Italy, and brought over from there, at a cost of several thousand dollars. Over the door of the Cathedral is the inscription, in Latin, "Hic Domus Dei est et Porta Cœli." The doors are always open, and we may enter, respectfully, at any time. At almost any hour you will find kneeling female forms, before the

image of some saint, each telling her beads, her head covered with a black *manto*. There are no pews, every one kneels on the bare floor, or on a rug, when they bring one. The walls of the temple are decorated with paintings, some very bad, some quite good, and with hideous images of saints; hideous, I say, from their tawdry painting and decoration. The altar is covered with rich silver ornaments, and heavy candlesticks.

I have spoken of the shops and streets of Guayaquil, but it is in the evening that they should be seen. Then, all the large, heavy curtains are drawn up, the gas lighted (for they have gas, and street gas-lamps in Guayaquil), the stores

made as brilliant and showy as possible, and every thing active and moving. Instead of deserted streets, or only peopled with a few straggling, sleepy loungers, the streets are now thronged with ladies, dressed in their brightest colors, doing their shopping, wearing no hat, or bonnet, or hood, and with only a light shawl over their shoulders for a cloak; gentlemen promenading; itinerant sellers of *dulces*, candies, and *pan de azucar* (a kind of sweetened bread), with each his peculiar cry; sedentary sellers of straw hats, hammocks, *cacao*, etc.; policemen (*rondines* they are called); — in short, all the busy or lounging part of the population are upon the streets in the evening. The stores, a great many of which are branches of Paris houses, are brilliant with handsome silks and showy articles, and make a display little inferior to some of our own attractive stores. Near the City Hall, sitting on the stones of the street, will be found a group of natives, part Indian, part Spanish, indolent and unsavory, mostly females, with a collection of straw hats about them for sale. These are the genuine Panamá hats, which are nearly all manufactured by the Indians of Ecuador, and are brought to Guayaquil for sale. They cost, generally, from five to ten dollars, according to their fineness. Some are very skillfully and wonderfully made, and are known to cost from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars! These most costly ones, however, are almost too fine for use. I heard of one so soft and fine, that it could be folded up like paper, and inclosed in a common letter envelope. Hammocks are also woven by the Indians, and vary in price, according to size and fineness, from five to a hundred dollars. These singular Indians, differing as they apparently do from the native Indians of Mexico or Peru, are most remarkable characters. Very short in stature, they are hardy and enduring to a wonderful degree. They carry bundles on their backs, fastened by a cord or strap, which is passed across their foreheads, and, loaded in this peculiar manner, bending nearly double, they start off on a sort of run, or dog-trot, which they keep up for miles, without tiring. They carry letters or packages to or from Quito in the same time that the journey can be made on horseback, subsisting on very little all the way. The green leaf of the *cacao* plant has astonishing nutritive and strengthening effects, and the Indians keep one of these leaves in the mouth nearly all the time they are making a journey. I have seen them come in from their fatiguing mountain journeys, with donkeys, small as themselves, bear-

ing their merchandise, and they present a most comical appearance. Short as they are, all wear a tall, white hat, exactly like an old white beaver hat, the nap of which has been carefully *brushed the wrong way*. These hats are said to last ever so many years, and are handed down from father to son. Not unfrequently, they relieve their small donkeys, by strapping the loads to their own backs and foreheads, when they resume the journey on their peculiar dog-trot, and the donkeys trot after them. I know a gentleman who made the journey from Quito to Guayaquil, with one of these little Indians for a guide, and he told me that for the whole distance of about two hundred miles, his Indian guide, on foot, kept pace with his horse.



[Indian Fruit-seller.]

One day, just at 10 A. M., the little steamboat *Washington*, Captain Bragdon, left the levee at Guayaquil, on her regular trip up the Guayas River, to a little town called Bodegas, a distance of some eighty miles towards Quito, and, on that day, two Americans went on board to make the trip with the captain. He did not often have an American passenger, and he welcomed us warmly, making us his guests and friends. The scenery up the river was so new to us, that we placed our chairs upon the forward guard, and looked about us with great interest. Two articles of baggage had not been forgotten — opera-

glass, and pistol, well supplied with ammunition. One of the first wonders of the shore, as we kept along close to its edge, was a gigantic bread-fruit tree, with its towering branches, huge leaves, and pendent fruit. Further on, we passed broad fields covered with small, spiny plants, about a foot and a half high. These were pine-apples. Next came the great, waving, broad-leaved bananas and plantains, which were there cultivated in plantations. Orange and lemon trees sometimes made the air fragrant with the rich perfume of their lovely blossoms. But all these soon passed away, and the shores on either hand were covered, as far as the eye could reach, with fields of *cacao*. The *cacao* grows on a bush not quite so tall nor quite so spreading, perhaps, as our lilac bush, but something near it. It is the great export of Ecuador. The fruit, or nut, grows in a shell, which is stripped off, and the kernel is found, split in two equal halves. Beyond this, nothing is done in its preparation for shipment. In this shape, it is gathered into baskets, and carried to the canals which intersect the plantations, and there loaded into great barges or flat-boats. We passed many of these flat-boats, floating with their freight down the river to Guayaquil. There it is loaded directly into a ship's hold, in bulk, and so carried to France, or wherever may be its destination. The crop is easy to raise, easy to gather, and easy to export. Every month a fresh crop is gathered, or twelve crops a year. One month, however, furnishes much the largest yield. *Balsas* of water, *balsas* of wood, and *balsas* of fruit, we met on our novel trip up the Guayas River. But we had heard much of the alligators of the river, and for them we had brought our pistols. It was not, however, until after some hours, that we saw the first one of these river monsters. A snout, and two protruding eyes suddenly appeared, close to the steamer's side, and was greeted with a shot. Instant disappearance was the only result. Before long, the snouts came up and disappeared more frequently, until, at last, we came upon great numbers of the animals themselves. On an exposed mud-bank were lying some thirty or forty huge beasts, some of them asleep, with their enormous mouths wide open. What a sight! Never before had we realized the hideous reality of this repulsive animal. It is safe to say that many of those before us were from twelve to *seventeen feet long*, and were really terrible in appearance. I have seen the alligators of the

Florida Swamps, but these looked fiercer and less sluggish. The snout seemed longer and more pointed. All the rest of the way the banks were lined with these animals, the water full of them. Some of them were asleep, some sluggishly watching, some active and moving. They sleep with the upper jaw thrown back to the full extent, and make one understand and believe the stories of their great power and ferocity. Yet we were surprised to see women bathing in the stream as we passed. We were not sorry that we were not obliged to stop and bathe! Many shots were fired from our pistols, and passing close to the shore as we did, many a one hit its mark, but they all rebounded from the tough hides, with no other effect than to disperse a group, and send them scrambling and whirling down into the river, astonished and frightened. That was good fun of itself. Our trip up the river came, at last, to an end, and we fastened the little steamer at Bodegas. After a pleasant visit to a plantation, where we saw a sketch made by Church, when he stayed at this same house, during his visit to the Andes, which resulted in that famous picture "The Heart of the Andes," we took horse and enjoyed a scamper over the *pampas* to an inland town, but we did not meet any tigers in our path, as we had been promised; and lucky for us that we did not, I think. Two days in the wilds of Ecuador, a touch of *cacao* plantation life, and we were again on board the *Washington*, this time in midstream, the full force of the current in our favor, and in less than half the time it took us to go up, we were again in Guayaquil.

I have said nothing of many things that deserve notice, were there space: of the War of Independence, and of Bolívar and Villamil, two heroes of it; of the Government of Ecuador, and of its President, García Moréno, and other matters of interest. One word for Guayaquil, however. One crowning glory remains. At anchor in the river, or sitting on a piazza of a friend's house, and looking about southeast, almost any day in July, you will see the clouds in that part of the heavens suddenly part, and like the rolling up of a curtain, expose a picture, grand and beautiful. Majestic, towering, picturesque, superb, rises the wonderful mountain Chimborazo — a magnificent, glorious pinnacle, snow-capped, twenty-one thousand feet high — a sight rarely to be seen in one's life-time, and that, once seen, will cause Guayaquil never to be forgotten.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[See the Illustration facing page 120, by William L. Champney.]

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?
 What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
 The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
 And any man who passed her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
 And then her three hours' work at night,
 Alas! 't was hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.
 Remote from sheltered village-green,
 On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
 Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
 And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
 Will often live in one small cottage;
 But she, poor woman! housed alone.
 'T was well enough when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
 Then at her door the *canty* Dame
 Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
 Oh then how her old bones would shake!
 You would have said, if you had met her,
 'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.

Her evenings then were dull and dead:
 Sad cause it was, as you may think,
 For very cold to go to bed;
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! when e'er in winter
 The winds at night had made a rout,
 And scattered many a lusty splinter
 And many a rotten bough about.
 Yet never had she, well or sick,
 As every man who knew her says,
 A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
 Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
 And made her poor old bones to ache,
 Could any thing be more alluring
 Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
 And, now and then, it must be said,
 When her old bones were cold and chill,
 She left her fire, or left her bed,
 To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now, Harry he had long suspected
 This trespass of old Goody Blake,
 And vowed that she should be detected, —
 That he on her would vengeance take.
 And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
 And to the fields his road would take;
 And there, at night, in frost and snow,
 He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
 Thus looking out did Harry stand:
 The moon was full and shining clearly,
 And crisp with frost the stubble land.
 He hears a noise — he's all awake —
 Again? — on tiptoe down the hill
 He softly creeps — 't is Goody Blake;
 She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her
 Stick after stick did Goody pull:
 He stood behind a bush of elder,
 Till she had filled her apron full.
 When with her load she turned about,
 The by-way back again to take;
 He started forward, with a shout,
 And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
 And by the arm he held her fast;
 And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
 And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
 Then Goody, who had nothing said,
 Her bundle from her lap let fall;
 And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
 To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
 While Harry held her by the arm:
 "God! who art never out of hearing,
 O may he never more be warm!"
 The cold, cold moon above her head,
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
 Young Harry heard what she had said,
 And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
 That he was cold and very chill:
 His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow.
 Alas! that day for Harry Gill!

That day he wore a riding-coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he:
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'T was all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinned;
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away;
 And all who see him say, 't is plain,
 That, live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
 A-bed or up, to young or old;
 But ever to himself he mutters,
 "Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
 A-bed or up, by night or day,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still:
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

SNOW-DRIFTS.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS

SUCH a snow-storm came, the very last day of February, as Ainslee never had seen, and which the village paper said was "One of the severest in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." White and still the flakes fell for two whole days, and when on the third the sun peeped out just a moment, to see how the world had been getting on without him, he found such a surprising state of things, that he went behind a cloud as fast as he could, and waited till nearly noon before he decided to come out and stay.

In the village where people were going back and forth all the time, the deep snow had been cleared away, and the paths trodden down a little; but farther out, where grandpa lived, was one great, white sheet, every fence covered, and no sound to break the wonderful silence.

Ainslee climbed into grandpa's arm-chair, and looked from the dining-room window, as the sun at last gleamed out. The keen north wind, which had howled down the chimneys, and moaned and groaned all the night long in the old trees, had whirled the snow into deeper and deeper drifts with each gust, till now it seemed as if nobody ever could dig out. The old rooster crowed

hoarsely from the barn, shut in by a mountain of snow before the door. The two pigs squealed with hunger, for Mr. Culligan had not been able to get up to them from the meadow where he lived, since the afternoon before. The pine-trees near the summer-house were great white pyramids, and Ainslee looked down through them to the meadow.

"There comes Mr. Cully, grandpa," he shouted.

Mama came to the window and looked out with him at Culligan, laboring through the snow, sinking sometimes up to his waist, and reaching the backdoor at last, all out of breath, and with the reddest face that ever you saw. Ann gave him some hot coffee at once, and presently, when he had rested, grandpa and he began digging a path to the wood-house and barn. Ainslee, wrapped to his eyes, plunged about in the snow, which was far above his head; and at last got the fire-shovel, and began to dig a tunnel which he thought might, in time, bring him out somewhere near Sinny's. As for getting to school, that was quite out of the question, until the oxen and snow-sleds should make a way.

"I'd learned down to 'twice five make ten,

mama," said Ainslee, "and now I shall forget every word of it. Maybe I can't go to school all the rest of the winter, and then I won't remember any thing."

"Won't you?" said mama, smiling. "Then every morning you may say a little lesson to me, till you go again."

"Oh no!" said Ainslee; and thinking this a subject which had better not be talked about any longer, returned to his tunnel.

"How long would it take me to dig up to Sinny's, grandpa?" he asked, as he began again.

"Well," said grandpa, putting his head on one side, and examining the hole, which was now just large enough to allow of Ainslee's standing upright in it, "at the rate you are going on, you may get there in a year and a half from now."

"Ho!" said Ainslee. "You always make fun of me, grandpa. I'm going to make prints o' myself all over, and not dig any more when you're a-looking."

"I sha'n't look; I'm too busy," said grandpa. "Dig away;" but Ainslee was off to a spot near the wood-house, from which the snow had been blown, till only a foot or so deep remained, and which was just moist enough to make an excellent likeness of him, boots and all, as he lay on his back with both arms stretched out.

"I wonder if I could make nose and eyes and all, if I laid my face down," he thought; but it was so cold and choky when he tried it, that he gave up at last, and went into the house to get warm. Ann had a doughnut man cut out, and dropped him into the frying-pan, just after Ainslee came in, who watched him swell, and turn a lovely brown.

"Would n't he holler if he was alive," he said. "Ann, I've just thought. I'm going to eat him every speck, and then I'm going out again to make a snow-man."

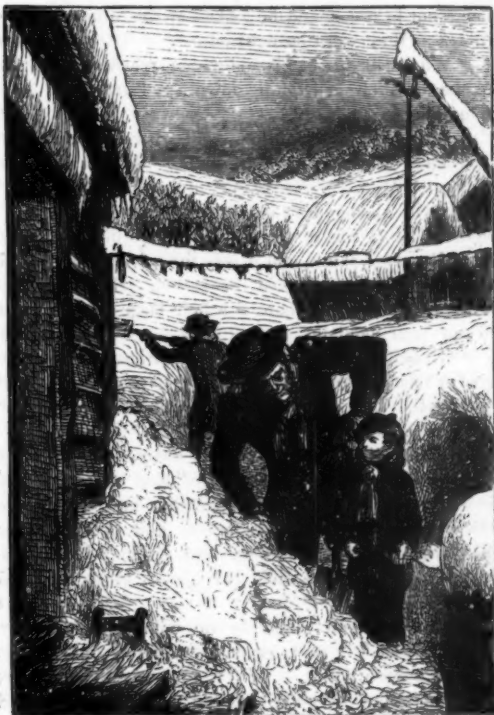
"You're too small," said Ann. "You could n't, no more than the baby."

"I could too," said Ainslee. "You see now," and too full of this plan to eat more than half his man, he started out, and began rolling up a ball, which very soon grew so large, that even if he had not been stopped by a drift, he could not have stirred it another inch.

"The snow's too deep," said Ainslee. "I guess I'll go to the barn and find some eggs."

Grandpa had not got there yet, however, and Ainslee, after walking back and forth for some

time, between the high walls of snow piled up on either side, grew tired, and went into the house. Baby was awake, and Ainslee played with his blocks, and built him some card-houses.



Tea-time came before he knew it, and bed-time very soon after.

If Ainslee had stayed awake that night, he would have heard the rain pouring down steadily, and when he opened his eyes next morning, the drifts were running down hill, and a cold wind blowing the rain against the windows.

"Pretty good beginning for March," grandpa said at the breakfast table. "If this goes on, the snow will be gone in no time. The path to school is all clear, Ainslee, I guess."

"You would n't want me to get a sore throat, would you, grandpa?" said Ainslee, "a-going all in the rain?"

"Castor-oil would cure it," said grandpa; "and if you went without your dinner and supper, you'd be well the next morning, and could do it all over again."

Ainslee was too busy with buckwheat cakes just then to make any answer, and indeed I don't

think grandpa expected any, for he walked out to see Mr. Culligan who was in the kitchen.

All day the rain poured down. Ainslee pasted some pictures into a scrap-book, in the morning; and in the afternoon mama put a large closet in her room in order, and he looked at the different things as they were brought out.

"What can this be?" said mama, reaching up to the top shelf, and taking down a red and green something.

"Why, it's a beautiful teenty barrel," said Ainslee. "Let me have it, mama. Where did you get it?"

"Uncle Ainslee gave it to me long ago," mama said, "when I was a young girl. He brought it from Russia, I think, and it was full of little bottles of perfumes, packed in cotton. See, the bung takes out, and there is a hole large enough to put your hand in."

"Give it to me, mama," said Ainslee. "Do give it to me for all my own."

"Well," said mama, "if you will take very good care of it, I will, but if I find you are going to spoil it, I shall take it away."

"I won't spoil it, certain sure," said Ainslee, and ran down to show it to grandma and Ann. His wagon stood in the kitchen, and Ainslee filled the barrel with water, and pretended he was a root-beer man, and sold glasses of it for two pins apiece.

"What are you going to do with so many pins, Ainslee?" said grandma. "You must have a boxful now."

"I'm going to make scissors of 'em," said Ainslee, "next summer, along with the boys. Cross 'em, you know, and put 'em on the track, and when the locomotive comes along, it jams 'em into splendid scissors. Tommy Martin's got lots."

"You'll get killed going on the track," said grandma.

"No I won't," Ainslee answered. "The boys don't go on the track, only put the pins on. You know Seth Collins, grandma? His father keeps the candy store, and he brings pea-nuts to school, a whole pocketful sometimes, and he sells 'em, three for two pins. I bought a lot the other day."

Grandma shook her head a little, but gave him two or three pins, and drank the water from the little tin cup as though it were the most delicious root-beer. Ainslee played with his barrel till bed-time, and when next morning came, wanted very much to take it to school, and went off just the least bit angry that mama would not let him.

He forgot barrel and every thing else in a very few minutes, for there was Amanda walking right on before him, with the very dearest little pair of rubber boots on her small legs that ever were seen. Ainslee ran after her, and hugged her right in the middle of the road, he was so glad to see her again. Tommy laughed a little, and said if Ainslee lived with Amanda all the time, he guessed he would n't like her quite so much.

"She's a pretty nice little gal, though," Tommy added, as he saw her face cloud a little, and Ainslee said, —

"There is n't any nicer anywhere."

Two or three of the boys came up, and they all went into the school-room in the highest spirits. Sinny was delighted to see Ainslee, and the frolic which began by the stove did not end at roll-call, but went on in such fashion, that at last Sinny giggled, and, trying to turn the giggle into a cough, made such a splutter behind his spelling-book, that Miss Barrett said, —

"Go into the entry this minute, sir, and stay till you're called."

Sinny went out slowly, for the entry was cold, and he did not like to stand there. He counted all the boys' caps, and all the girls' hoods, and then, finding Miss Barrett was hearing a class, and not likely to call him in for some time, opened his dinner-pail, and ate part of his gingerbread.

"That's Sampson's," he said to himself, looking at a little red and brown basket in one corner; "I'm going to see what he's got."

Sinny lifted the lid and looked in. Only bread and butter on top, but pulling up one slice a little, there underneath was a fried pie, delightfully brown, and just what he liked, better than almost any thing else. Sinny tiptoed back to his own pail, and looked in again at the two apples there. They were Pearmains; a rich, dark red, and so good, that often the boys traded off at noon, and gave Sinny cake or pie for one of them. Sampson had wanted to do this not long before, for these apples were the only ones of the kind which were brought to school, and as Sinny stood thinking of the fried pie, he remembered this.

"Fried pie's too good for Samp," he said. "I'll give him both my apples, and then it'll be fair enough to eat up his pie."

So Sinny took out the pie, put the two apples carefully under the bread and butter, and then stood up behind Juliana Johnson's plaid shawl, and ate till the very last crumb was gone. Miss Barrett called him just as he finished, and he

walked into the school-room, and said his spelling lesson, and then came recess, and for the first time he began to think, "What 'll Samp say?"

Sampson went right out to play, however, but when recess was over, Sinny grew more and more frightened, as he thought what might happen at noon, — too frightened to make any plans as to what it was best to do. Miss Barrett went home at once when the twelve o'clock bell rang, and all the children gathered about the stove with their dinners. Ainslee stopped to eat his luncheon with the rest, and Sinny stood between him and Tommy Martin, thinking that the safest place to be in.

"Holloa, Sinny!" said Ainslee, suddenly, as Sampson took out his bread and butter, and stood staring at the apples. "Samp Simmons stole your apples. Take 'em away from him."

"No such a thing," said Sampson, indignantly. "Somebody's been an' stole my pie. I had a whole pie. You did it, Sinny Smith, coz these is your apples."

"I did n't steal it neither," said Sinny, taking a step forward. "I only swapped. I eat up your pie, an' them's my apples to pay for it; so now."

"You see what Miss Barrett will do to you," said Sampson, wagging his head. "If I don't just tell her the very minute she comes back."

"Don't you now, Samp," said Ainslee, who looked troubled and anxious. "He did n't mean to steal."

"You shet up," said Sampson, who rather enjoyed the idea of getting any one of Ainslee's friends into trouble. "Tain't your muss, it's mine."

"I'll give you two cookies if you won't tell," said Ainslee.

"What kind?" asked Sampson, who liked good things.

"Sugar," said Ainslee. "Be-yu-tiful ones: the best kind grandma makes."

"Haint you got but two?" said Sampson.

"Three," Ainslee answered; "but I was goin' to eat one myself."

"Give 'em all or I'll tell," said Sampson; and Ainslee, after hesitating a moment, handed over the three, which Sampson gobbled down, as if he were afraid they would be taken from him.

"Here's the rest o' my gingerbread, Ainslee," said Sinny. "I ate it most all up when I was out in the entry, but you can have all there is."

"Well," said Ainslee, "I guess I'll take it, 'cause I'm going to stay till afternoon recess, and

grandpa's going to stop for me, and take me somewhere in the wagon."

"Samp took that pretty easy," said Tommy Martin, as Sampson, after finishing the last speck of bread and butter, went out. "I thought he'd pitch into you, Sinny. Don't you swop off again, or maybe I'll punch you myself. 'Tain't fair to be snoopin' round, lookin' to see what we've got. It's most as bad as real stealing."

"I would n't, to any body but Samp," said Sinny, munching away on his bread and butter. "He's so hateful I don't care, only I did n't want him to tell. It was n't stealing, one bit. Two apples is bigger than his pie."

"That's so," said Tommy; "but don't you do it again, for all that."

"Come out now," Ainslee said; "it's most time for school to go in again," and all the children ran out for a play.

Sampson walked in when the bell rang, as though he had something on his mind. One of the school-committee had come in with Miss Barrett, and after the roll had been called, he told the children that he should ask them some questions in geography. So Miss Barrett called up the Geography class, and after that had been examined, Mr. Brown, for that was the committee-man's name, put out some words for the younger children to spell. Sinny did better than any other boy of his size, and Sampson, who had missed twice, felt more and more angry.

Quarter of three, the usual recess-time, came, and Mr. Brown got up to go. Ainslee, who was tired of school now, was listening hard, thinking it full time for grandpa to be there, and wishing Miss Barrett would touch the bell, so that he could run out for his cap and coat, when Sampson held up his hand. Ainslee turned around to see what he wanted, and Miss Barrett, who had at first paid no attention, seeing that he looked quite important, and still held his hand up, said, —

"What do you want, Sampson?"

"Please ma'am, Sinny Smith's been a-stealing," said Sampson, rising, and speaking in so loud a tone of voice, that every scholar gave the strictest attention at once.

"What!" said Miss Barrett, and Mr. Brown sat down again, and looked attentively at Sampson. Sinny started, and then held his head down; Ainslee grew very red, and Tommy Martin shook his fist at Sampson behind the lid of his desk, which fell with a bang.

"Silence!" said Miss Barrett. "What does this mean? What has he stolen?"

"He's stole my pie, and eat it all up," said Sampson, "and Ainslee Barton hired me not to tell."

"When did he do it?" asked Mr. Brown, looking severely at Sinny.

"He laughed right out in school this morning, an' got sent into the entry," Sampson answered, "an' he peeked into all the dinner-pails, an' eat some out o' every one o' them, an' he eat a whole pie out o' mine."

"Oh what a awful lie!" Sinny began; and "O Miss Barrett!" said Tommy Martin, standing up.

"Silence!" said Miss Barrett. "I don't want to hear a word;" and, "Silence!" echoed Mr. Brown. "If you've been stealing, you've got to be whipped. Come here."

"He did n't steal," said Ainslee, stepping forward. "He only changed off. He gave Sampson both his apples, an' I gave three cookies, an' Samp's meaner than any thing."

"Don't tell any lies about it, but sit down this minute," said Miss Barrett.

"Did n't you hear your teacher say she did n't want no talk about it?" said Mr. Brown, taking up the ruler. "Simeon Smith, you've been a very bad boy. It's wicked to steal, and you've got to be punished. Hold out your hand."

Sinny held out his hand, but jerked it away as the ruler came down, and drew back a step.

"None o' that now," said Mr. Brown, rubbing his knee, against which the ruler had struck, and poor Sinny's small, black hands, were made to sting a good deal harder than they might have done had he held still in the first place. Which did the hardest crying, he or Ainslee, it would not be easy to tell; and as Amanda cried because Ainslee did, Mr. Brown wondered what had got into the children. Tommy Martin never cried when he was feruled, but Sinny was not yet old enough to keep still when hurt, and sat wiping his eyes on his jacket sleeve, and glowering at Sampson for some time after the whipping was over.

"Keep your seat, sir," Miss Barrett said, when he got up at recess time. "Boys that steal can't go out and play," and Sinny sat down and began to cry again.

Sampson, who thought there was a chance of getting into trouble if he went out, hung round the stove, till the bell rang again. If he could have heard what was going on out-of-doors, he would have told Miss Barrett directly, and asked to go home with her; but as the boys had paid no attention to him when they went out, he con-

cluded that by the time school was over, they would very nearly, if not quite, have forgotten what he had done, and so he went back to his lessons, feeling quite comfortable.

Ainslee had rushed to Tommy Martin the moment the school-room door closed behind them.

"That Samp's the wickedest, meanest boy that ever I saw," he cried, with flashing eyes. "He ought to be licked this very minute, and I can't do it anyhow before next year. Tommy, if you'll lick him for me, I'll give you every marble I've got."

"I don't want to lick him," said Tommy, "cause I'm bigger than he is, but I tell you what I will do. I'll wash his face for him after school, till he hollers, and tell him I'll do it every day if he don't look out."

"Don't do it till to-morrow morning, then," said Ainslee, "cause I want to help, and there's grandpa coming now. I'll come to school real early, so's to see you."

"Well," said Tommy, and Ainslee climbed up by grandpa, who had just reached them, and the two drove away.

"Miss Barrett ain't fair, grandpa," he said, after a long silence.

"Is n't she?" said grandpa, who had been looking at his very grave little face for some time. "What has Miss Barrett done?"

"She won't listen a minute to any thing," said Ainslee. "She whips you before she finds out whether you've really done any thing or not," and Ainslee went on with his story of the day's work.

"Well," said grandpa. "It seems Sampson did n't promise not to tell, though it was almost as mean a piece of work as if he had."

Ainslee thought a minute.

"He did n't, did he?" said he. "He only told me two cookies was n't enough. That's just the way he did about the sled. I wish I was n't so short and fat, grandpa, so't I could lick him. I wish I could grow fast."

"You'll be big enough by and by," said grandpa, "but I am not sure that licking, as you call it, will be the very best thing for Sampson, and perhaps it is just as well that you are no match for him. Be as honest and truthful yourself as you can be, and perhaps he will grow ashamed of being mean, and try to do better."

"No," said Ainslee. "He won't ever be ashamed of any thing. I wish you'd punch him, grandpa."

"I'm as much too big as you are too little," said grandpa, laughing. "Mean people are al-

ways punished in one way and another, and Sampson will take his turn by and by."

"He'll take a scrubbing to-morrow," said Ainslee. "We're all a-going to wash his face."

Grandpa made no answer, concluding the affair had better take its own course. Ainslee, who thought he had not heard, waited a moment, and then turned to the horses, coaxing grandpa at last into giving up the reins for a few minutes. The excitement of driving made him half forget Sampson, but at bed-time he told his mother, who said, as grandpa had done, that meanness was almost always its own punishment, and Ainslee must try the harder to be free from it himself.

"Ain't you willing his face should be washed, mama?" said Ainslee.

"That may do him good," mama answered, half smiling. "Certainly he was very mean, and a little cold snow in his eyes may help him to see it."

"You're the bestest mama," said Ainslee, delighted. "You know I wouldn't punch any body, or wash their faces either, unless they was awful mean — would I, mama?"

"I think not," said mama, and went away, looking just a little doubtful as she entered the sitting-room.

"What is it?" grandpa asked.

"I hope Ainslee is not going to be a quarrelsome child," she said. "Has he told you this new difficulty?"

"Yes," said grandpa. "He's all right. He is just like his Uncle Ainslee, and will never stand meanness in any shape. So long as he fights on the right side, and he is tolerably certain always to do that, you need not worry about him in the least. This Sampson evidently needs to be taken in hand, and it is far better for us big people to have as little as possible to do in the settlement of such matters. A child's sense of justice is strong enough to carry him through safely, and Sampson will be all the better for a good washing."

"Perhaps so," said mama, and there the subject dropped.

Sampson had sneaked home when school was out, climbing a fence, and going 'cross lots through the snow, but seeing there were no signs of being followed, grew bolder, and by the time next morning came, decided that the boys did not mean to take any notice of the matter, and so walked to school over his usual road. At the foot of the hill, Tommy Martin, Ainslee, and Sinny, were standing, near almost the last of the snow-drifts, but they were not looking at him, and he passed on whistling.

"Here, you Samp!" Tommy Martin suddenly cried out. "Do you know what you're going to get? We ain't going to lick you, for you're not worth the trouble, but we're going to wash your face well."

Sampson prepared to run, but Tommy caught him, and, while Ainslee held one leg, and Sinny the other, tight as a vice, scrubbed his face with handful after handful of the wet snow.

"I'll tell Miss Barrett!" Sampson howled.

"Tell away!" said Tommy. "The more you tell, the more you'll catch it, that's all."

"Here, you young uns, what you doing there?" called out Stephen Jones, who came up at that moment.

"Giving Samp Simmons a scrubbing, to pay for lying and telling tales yesterday," said Tommy, going on with his work.

"I think I'll have something to do with that," said Stephen. "Look a-here, Sampson; you've sneaked round this whole term, telling every thing you saw, and some things you did n't, and you've just got to stop it. I'm going to pitch you into that snow-bank now, and maybe when you come out you'll mend your manners."

"Don't, oh don't!" screamed Sampson. "I won't ever tell again! Don't let him, Ainslee. I'll let you have my end of the seat all the time, and I'll —"

What else Sampson might have promised, nobody knows, for heels over head he went into the drift, floundering out a minute later, to find the coast clear; not a boy to be seen. Whimpering, he shook himself, and then felt in his pockets. His books were scattered around, and his dinner was nowhere.

"My knife's gone, and all my string," groaned Sampson, after a minute's search, and he sat down in the road and cried forlornly.

"What's the matter?" said little Amanda, who, walking along, had seen him, and thought at first she would run right by as fast as she could, but whose tender little heart melted as she heard him crying.

"Get out," said Sampson. "I've lost my knife and every thing, and my dinner's all spilled."

"I'll give you some o' mine," said Amanda.

"Don't want it," said Sampson, eying her.

Amanda walked on, and Sampson picked up his books, finding his knife near one of them, and then followed her.

"What have you been doing, sir?" said Miss Barrett, who walked into the school-room at the same time as he.

"Been in a drift," said Sampson, who caught a meaning look from Tommy.

"Go and warm yourself," said Miss Barrett, "and don't you do such a silly thing again, when you know it's school-time."

Ainslee and Sinny had capital lessons that day, and at noon Tommy Martin was presented with the very best their dinner-baskets contained. Mama made no comments when she heard of the morning's work; and as for Sampson, I don't

think he told his mother one word about it. Whether it made him a better boy in any way, you will find out as the story goes on. Fear is not the best reason in the world for doing right, but if Sampson begins to be better, because he is afraid not to be, he may end, by loving to be good for its own sake; and if he does, neither he nor you will ever be sorry for what happened at the foot of the hill.

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY W. H. D.

Now the snow begins to melt away from the bosom of Mother Earth, and soon are to be revealed the wondrous changes which have been so silently but surely going on under that mantle which has been thrown over her nakedness through the cold and blustering winter. Tiny green shoots emerge here and there from the still half-frozen ground, forerunners of that gradual clothing of the naked, gaunt limbs, which have tussled so manfully with the rude winds. Anon the warm rays of the sun wake the myriad sleepers from their torpid slumbers, and from every side creep strange creatures, eager to take upon their feeble shoulders their portion of the work assigned to all living things by a beneficent Creator.

Even before the snow has left us, or the icy bonds which imprison our ponds and streams have been loosed, and their power broken by the mild air of spring, we may find a few of our insect friends timidly exploring the great snowy desert which covers their future field of action. Some of our acquaintances, the ants, awake and set out over the trackless waste, instinct guiding them, to the nearest tree, where, if they are fortunate enough to find their cows feeding in their pastures, all is well; otherwise, weak from long confinement, and benumbed by the cold, they speedily perish. The half-torpid caterpillars thaw out, and begin to move about in their hiding places; a few hermit flies appear on the windows, warmed into life by a tempting sunshiny day; a few mistaken bees even, deluded by the warmth of the noontide sun, leave their comfortable hives, alas! to find no flowers in bloom from which to load their panniers, but to meet their doom; a few moths flit about, ghostlike,

over the snow, or sun themselves atop the withered branches of skeleton bushes, whilst occasionally a stray beetle may be seen struggling along, feeling very much out of place.

But gradually, almost imperceptibly, the days lengthen; the sun's rays give out more heat, the frost and snow flee away, the first sweet flowers of spring appear, the trees bud, and in a few days all Nature is alive again, with its strange whisperings among the tree-tops, where the birds begin to assemble again, to tell strange stories of their travels, and to build their curious homes.

Let us take a walk out into the country before the snow has entirely left us, and see if we cannot find something new to reward us for our trouble. Jump over this stone wall, and take a short run through this pine grove. Where the snow has melted, how soft to the feet is this carpet of fallen pine leaves, and how fragrant. What are these queer little things running about so nimbly over the snow crust? They cannot be spiders, for spiders always have *eight* legs, unless one has been amputated, and these have but six, and what very strange-looking limbs they are, especially the hindmost pair. These are really *Gnats*, without wings, known as Bow-legged Snow Gnats. Their bodies are a nankeen yellow, whilst the legs are a little lighter shade, and covered with long hairs, which serve as snow-shoes, preventing their smothering in the soft snow, into which otherwise they would surely tumble head over heels. The hind legs of these gnats, especially of the males, are very much swollen and bow-legged: hence the name. The females are armed with a sword-shaped borer at the extremity of the body, with which they make tiny holes in the ground, into which they drop their eggs.

Unlike their dreaded cousins, the mosquitoes, they cannot fly, having no wings.

Having watched them to our hearts' content, we will continue our walk, stopping occasionally to secure a chrysalis of some moth or butterfly, which, lashed by stout silken threads to some hanging branch, is swinging in the breeze like a miniature hammock. For this purpose we always carry an empty cigar-box, which we sometimes bring home full of treasures.

Let us take a smart run down this hill-side, to warm our cold toes. Look through this thicket of alder, and other bushes, and what do we see going on over this frozen pool? At one end a spring, ever bubbling, has kept the surface free of ice, and through this outlet come a score of tiny dancers with black garments and drapery sleeves of the most delicate gauze, gray plumes gayly nodding on their heads; and a merry set they are, keeping themselves in good humor as they dance and pipe. These social reunions are all *gander* parties, the females having something of more importance to do than to waste their time and strength in such airy revelings. Let us look into the grand entrance to our assembly-room; floating on the water, we see the empty carriages which have just brought the revelers to the ball, and which are now to be discarded forever as useless, for our little friends will never live to go home, but will dance into their graves.

Here is a carriage just coming into view, and in it the gentleman is making his preparations to get out. His dress suit is wrapped very snugly about him, and as he nears the door he begins his struggles to get out, for so securely has his nurse packed him away, that it is with the utmost difficulty he can get out of his vehicle. At length he succeeds in forcing his head through the front door of his equipage, which is almost transparent, his plumes sadly ruffled in the struggle. He rests for a moment from his labors, and then making a great effort, stands on the very steps of his carriage, very much exhausted. The cool air soon invigorates him, and in a few seconds he kicks away his now useless boat, and jumps ashore to join the merry band. You must know that our little friends live somewhat as they do in Venice, and never use carriages drawn by horses, but when they wish to go to a party, have to use gondolas.

Below the ice we can see the cradles of a younger generation, which will not go to hops till next summer. These cradles are fastened together in great numbers, there sometimes being two or three hundred joined like a raft, and float-

ing securely, — although if any one should, by ill luck, get washed away from the rest, it would certainly sink to the bottom.

When a baby is ready to leave its cradle, it makes a hole in the bottom and drops through into the cool water, where it swims about for a while, but soon has to come to the surface for fresh air, which it inhales by thrusting its tail, which resembles the small end of a radish with the roots attached, out of the water, and its nose being in the tail, it can thus get a supply of fresh air. At length he hears afar off the music of the ball, and anxious to join his older brothers, he wonders how he can reach them. Nature kindly caring for his every wish, like Cinderella's fairy godmother, by a touch of her magic wand suddenly converts his well-worn baby-clothes into a fine chariot, and away he hies to join the dancers.

These same giddy creatures are nothing more nor less than a species of gnat, which can often be seen rising in the winter from their nurseries in ponds and ditches, anon waltzing on the mimic waves, or rising in the open air and sporting amidst the leafless trees. A little later in the season and they are joined by their cousins the mosquitoes, and so the dance goes bravely on, fresh arrivals continually appearing on the scene, each one his own musician.

The sun having come out bright and warm, and the air become milder to-day than is usual at this season, we may, perhaps, chance on a caterpillar of the Tiger Moth, usually called a Woolly Bear. Here is one now crawling very slowly along, but touch him ever so gently, and see how he rolls himself into a ball of brown hair, a hedgehog in miniature. He was hatched out from an egg late in the fall, and all winter has quietly passed the time sleeping in that crack in the wall, eating nothing, and so quite a little fellow still; but wait till the dandelions and burdocks begin to grow, and then you will see him eat like a glutton till he cannot stuff away another morsel under his hairy jacket, which, by the way, he has already had to change several times for a larger one as he grew plumper. Having eaten his fill, he proceeds to weave a remarkable cocoon of his own silk, strengthened by the addition of all sorts of odds and ends, and, after two or three weeks' rest, he comes out a perfect moth.

In this out-of-the-way corner of a very neglected garden, where the dried stalks of last year's plants stand like spectres in a bed of snow, if we look very closely we may disturb, and perhaps capture, a stray specimen of the *Vaucessa* or Fan-winged Butterflies, or perhaps two or

three dingy moths, fit dwellers in this scene of desolation. Having filled our box with chrysalids, let us hasten home before the night overtakes us, well pleased with our spoils, and determined to take another walk in a week or so, and see what the advanced season will add to our stock of treasures.

In the more southern parts of this country insects appear much earlier than in the North, and in the extreme South, where the winters are very mild, there is scarcely any hibernation; so that insects may be found all the year round in the various stages of existence,—in the winter in moderation, in the summer in prodigious quantities. At the North, domestic insects, that is, those that live in or about houses, may be met with all winter long, running about the apartments, the young and the old together, seeking especially the warm corners near fire-places. In some localities, the House Cricket may be heard, even in the depth of winter, faintly chirping near the warm hearth-stone, and even his country cousin, the Field Cricket, may be found living a hermit life under some protecting stone. A few patriarchs amongst the flies may also be seen at this same season, creeping about as though victims of rheumatism, their legs so dry and crisp from old age and seclusion, that any extra exertion would snap them in two.

Watch this fly in the window, sole survivor of that buzzing, tireless multitude which, the past summer, filled the air and sported in our gardens. See how persistently he will attempt to scale that smooth precipice of glass before him, continually slipping and falling. Now the sun has climbed over the house-top opposite, and begins to look into our window. Like a dose of laughing-gas, how strangely it affects our little friend. Surely he is fast becoming intoxicated, warmed into new life by the subtle rays; he makes a tremendous effort, and, wonderful to relate, he has actually flown away. His triumph is but brief, for with the setting sun his race is run.

The time having at length arrived for the insect world to wake up from its lethargy and begin its part in the grand drama of life, they come to us from every quarter: from their winter homes in the ground, flying, wriggling, walking; from their safe retreats under the bark of trees, or piles of loose rubbish, the tattered rags of last year's clothing, shaken from the trees by the winds of autumn; from their mummy cases, having rent them asunder, they emerge into daylight, no doubt very thankful for their release from their dark prison-houses. However, they

have so much work to do, I don't think they have any time to stop and reflect how thankful they ought to be at such release.

The sun now shining warm and bright, its heat penetrates to the subterranean homes of the ants. Instinctively they bestir themselves, and scenting the great change about to take place overhead, and pricked by the pangs of hunger, which, in the torpor of winter, they did not feel, they proceed to take down the partition walls of sticks and earth they had so carefully built in the fall to barricade their front doors, and soon find themselves in the open air. Remembering their herds of the past season, they start off for their pastures, and after a toilsome journey, often buried up to their chins in the slush, they reach the welcome spot, and soon revel in the delicious fresh milk which their cows are so ready to give them. Their winter boarders, the beetles, leave their kind hosts, and begin to shift for themselves.

Now that the spring has fairly set in, we shall find our leisure moments fully occupied in watching the vast succession of insect lives which are coming to maturity, or rapidly passing through the various stages, and many valuable lessons may we learn from these tiny beings, of industry, perseverance, ingenuity, and economy. Each tree and plant has its friends and foes; and from the time the sap begins to run swiftly in its veins through the succession of bud, leaf, and blossom, we shall find plenty to do in learning to distinguish one class from the other.

Let us unroll the closely folded leaf-buds of this rose-bush, and, early as it is, we already find them tenanted by the young of the plant-lice, that fearful blight, which gives our gardens so much trouble and anxiety. The eggs from which they were hatched were laid the preceding fall on the branches, and as soon as the buds began to swell, the young lice came out of the eggs and crept under the warm counterpane ready for them. These early spring *Aphides* are all green, without wings, and are all females; but later in the season, when the leaves are developed, you will find both males and females, and a good many of them with wings which are out of all proportion to their wearers, they are so very large. They are all well armed with a long proboscis like an elephant's trunk, which is both sharp and hollow, so that after they have pierced the leaf or tender twig, the juice is easily drawn up.

Did you never find lilac leaves all puckered up at the edges, and inside these puckers queer little bodies, looking very much like seed pearls? This mischief is wrought by these insects, and

the white objects are their dead and dried skeletons, which have often been picked clean by the young of an ichneumon fly.

If it were not that these lice have many enemies, we should be completely overrun by them, and our trees and plants at their mercy, for they breed in vast numbers. The Lady-bugs, old and young, work steadily day and night; but all their eating does not seem to diminish the supply much, so along comes an ichneumon fly, looking very much like a wasp, — a very lively, nervous insect, whose smellers seem to be afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, they move about so incessantly and quickly. As soon as she spies out a herd of Aphides, her plans are laid, and she boldly proceeds to work, well knowing that her victims can't escape if they would. Balancing herself on the edge of the leaf, with her flexible ovipositor she proceeds to scatter the seeds of life and death, quietly piercing the skin of each Aphis in turn, and depositing in the tiny wound a still tinier egg. Each doomed one, as soon as it feels the sharp prick, creeps away from the rest and hides in some out-of-the-way corner, where it keeps very quiet, until from the egg hatches out a minute destroyer, which calmly eats its way through its foster-mother, whose dry carcass it fastens to the leaf by a few threads, thus securing a lovely mother-of-pearl house in which to prepare for the winged state. Small as these plant-lice are, one variety is greatly troubled by a tiny scarlet mite which adheres very closely to the body, and never lets go till the juices are all sucked out.

An early March will often hasten the birth of many insects, whilst a bleak, cold spring will retard their appearance; so that it is sometimes very difficult to predict to a day when certain insects will appear, although by watching for several seasons one can come pretty near the time for the birth of any particular insect. Of course the chrysalids you collect and carry home, like hot-house plants, are forced to maturity by the

higher temperature much faster than though left exposed to the winds and storms outside; but you must be careful and not keep them in too warm a room, otherwise the extreme heat will dry up the juices of the immature insects, and, as it were, cook them to death.

Here and there a wasp, a forlorn widow, urged by the balmy air, ventures to leave her winter asylum, her last year's nest; there she has seen die, one by one, all her husbands and servants, till she and a few other widows are left alone to mourn over their past happiness, and cry themselves into a long sleep from which they have but just awoke, the past almost a dream, and already anticipating the wants of future generations. So to work she goes, and never rests till she has founded a home in which to rear her progeny. Like a prudent housekeeper, her house at first is very small, just large enough to accommodate her small family, but as her children grow up about her, they fall to and help her, adding new storeys here and cells there, till a great terraced city has grown from the humble cottage. To make her house, she first seeks an old fence or decayed stump, and gnawing off a quantity of the fibres with her powerful jaws, collects them in a bundle and flies off to the spot she has selected, and after kneading the dry fibres with her mouth till they have been converted into a pulp like *papier maché*, she lays the corner-stone.

Patiently and perseveringly she works, and at length the paper house is completed, and then she lays her eggs in the curious chambers ready for them, but you must not think that she has finished her work, and that the rest of her life is to be one of ease. In a little while the babies come out of the eggs, and then how busy she is feeding them, for, like other little ones I know of, they are always hungry, and too feeble to help themselves. Her industry and care is rewarded by the appearance of a number of full-grown sons and daughters, who are ready and glad to take some of the labor on their own shoulders.

MOTHER'S EYES.

WHAT are the songs the Mother sings?
Of birds, and flowers, and pretty things;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his world in the Mother's eyes.

What are the tales the Mother tells?
Of gems, and jewels, and silver bells;

Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his wealth in the Mother's eyes.

What are the thoughts in the Mother's mind?
Of the gentle Saviour, loving and kind;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his heaven in the Mother's eyes.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

VI.

WINTER'S TALE.

THERE had been much feasting and merry-making in the palace at Sicily for several months, while the king of Bohemia had been a guest there. Leontes, the king of the Sicilian dominions, and Polixenes of Bohemia, had for many years been fast friends, and loved each other very dearly. When they were young princes, unused to the cares that wait upon a crown, they had been reared together in the same palace; had hunted and fished and played games together like any school-boys of ignoble blood; and when years passed away, and each became ruler over distant kingdoms, they had not forgotten their boyish love, but kept a place in their hearts still fresh and green with the memory of the old friendship.

Only a few years before, Leontes had visited his friend in Bohemia; and now Polixenes had come to be entertained in Sicily. Polixenes had left behind him in his palace his wife, and his young prince Florizel, whom report spoke of as a promising boy. Leontes had for wife the most refined and beautiful princess of all Europe, and she had borne him one child, Mamillius, a precocious boy, to whom the hearts of both parents clung in doting fondness.

Leontes was a man of hasty temper and strong passions, quick in his judgments, and prone to make mistakes, for which he was bitterly accused by his conscience. He loved his queen with all the strength of his uneven and fitful nature. And Hermione — this was the queen — was so gentle and so yielding, that the sway of imperious Leontes seemed light and easy to her, and she loved him with her whole tender heart. She shared in all her husband's interest in the coming of his royal friend, and had striven, since his arrival, to entertain him by her sweetness and grace of conversation; by the beauty of her singing, which was reputed marvelous; and by all the sweet womanly charms she could use as hostess and queen. So Polixenes found the time pass most pleasantly in the Sicilian palace.

But there were also affairs in Bohemia to be looked after. Merry-making is delightful, but even kings are slaves to their business, and Polixenes began to feel uneasy at tarrying, and announced to Leontes the day of his intended leave-taking. But with even more than wonted

vehemence he pressed his guest to stay longer. Polixenes refused firmly. He must indeed, within a day or two, set out for Bohemia.

Now, in the ill-balanced brain of Leontes, a fearful thought had been growing up, which at first he rejected with contempt for himself in thinking so base a thing, but which, having once come into his mind, would constantly come creeping back again. He had feared that his wife — his good and true Hermione — was too fond of Polixenes, and that he also had begun to return her feeling. So he urged Polixenes thus ardently to prolong his visit, that he might see if he had any ground for his suspicions. When he found that the Bohemian king would not be persuaded to stay, he called in Hermione to second his entreaties, and bade her ask his friend to remain. The queen came, and ready to give her husband pleasure, since she thought he had no motive but the gratification of his friendship, she urged Polixenes so prettily to stay, she plead so volubly when he tried to make excuses for his departure, that all his farewells were drowned in her persuasions, and at last he was forced to be silent from sheer breathlessness, and in default of words, to stay another week at Sicily.

But Leontes — miserable Leontes! In his wife's innocent desire to please him, he had imagined he saw a reluctance to let Polixenes go away from her; and cherishing those suspicions, all that was good in him was turned to gall and bitterness, and his heart was torn by jealousy and rage.

In this state of feeling he left the company of his friend and Hermione, and sought out Camillo — one of his nobles — whom he had appointed chief cup-bearer to Polixenes while he was his guest. Camillo was a man of probity and honor, very discreet and wise in judgment, — the very antipodes of the easily-moved and tumultuous Leontes. To him the king unfolded his suspicions, and while he listened, dumb with grief and wonder, he desired him to poison the wine of Polixenes, that he might die of his first draught.

Camillo knew the king well enough to know that it was useless to stem the current of his madness, and he contented himself with asking him to dissemble his feelings for a short time, and promised him to undertake the murder of the

king of Bohemia. Then Leontes left him, a little calmed and satisfied.

Camillo felt a momentary struggle between his loyalty and his sense of honor and humanity. On the side of loyalty to his master, the king of Sicily, were the considerations of his personal safety, the satisfaction of his ambition, all the motives that selfishness could urge; on the other hand, if he yielded to humanity, and spared Polixenes, he knew not but the anger of Leontes might fall on him to such an extent as to strip him of his possessions, his title, or even take his life. But the hesitation of Camillo was brief, and he hastened to Polixenes to warn him of the king's intention against him.

The king of Bohemia was horrified that Leontes could suspect him of such baseness as to endeavor to win the affections of his wife, and wounded to the heart when he heard how Camillo had been instructed by his friend to have him foully poisoned. Flight seemed to him the only possible escape from the anger of the king, who he knew was unreasonable in his passions. Besides, in his absence he thought the wrath of Leontes would cool, and he would soon be convinced of the folly of his suspicions. The good Camillo offered to go back with him to Bohemia, since he did not care to stay and breast the king's wrath; and Polixenes, in gratitude, gladly accepted his attendance, and promised to reward him for his fidelity.

They set out immediately as secretly as possi-

ble. Polixenes had almost as much influence in the city as the king himself, and all the gates were opened for him without any demur, so that he got out with all his attendants, embarked in his ships, and was out at sea before Leontes discovered it. When he did hear of his friend's departure, and seeking out Camillo, found he also had gone, the fury of Leontes burst all bounds. For he thought he saw, in their hurried departure, proof that Polixenes had been guilty,

and that Camillo had been all the time in his confidence.

He instantly went, all inflamed with rage, to the apartment of queen Hermione, tore her child, the prince Mamillius, from her embrace, and ordered her to be cast into prison. The poor lady could hardly speak a word of defense, she was so overcome with sorrow and astonishment, but what she did say was full of dignity and mild reproach.

Every one in the whole court was in sympathy with Hermione. The lords and ladies all believed in her goodness and virtue, and some of

them did not scruple to tell Leontes he had done wrong. The king never heard so much plain speaking in all his life as in the first two or three days after her imprisonment.

After Hermione had been a few days in prison, a beautiful little daughter was born to her—a sweet babe, which filled the dull old prison where she lay with light and beauty. Poor Hermione could only weep over the dear little creature, and did not feel much consolation from its angelic



presence, since her husband had taken his favor from her.

One of the ladies of Hermione — her name was Paulina — who was very fearless and outspoken, declared she would take the babe to Leontes to see if the sight of it would not move his heart to pity. So, with the infant in her arms, she pushed her way through the attendants who surrounded the king, and knelt at his feet, holding up the child. Leontes looked wonder-struck at her audacity, and told Antigonus, the husband of Paulina, who was among the lookers-on, to take his wife away. But Antigonus, though a brave man and a soldier, dared not oppose his wife when she was doing what she thought right, and he did not move even at the king's orders. Paulina, having the king at her mercy, rated him with a sharp tongue, and told him to take up his innocent child, and let his wronged wife be set free. All this time the babe lay smiling up in its father's face, while the lords around listened to Paulina, secretly glad of the way in which she talked to the king.

Leontes only grew more angry, and said the child should die. When every one plead for its life, however, he changed his purpose, and said, since Antigonus was so interested in the child, he should take it away from his dominions, to some remote or desert place, and leave it there, exposed to chance or the mercy of the elements. So Antigonus bade farewell to Paulina, and taking the infant, which was furnished with a purse of gold, some jewels of her mother's, and a supply of rich clothing, he took a ship and set sail from Sicily.

Leontes then resolved to send a messenger to the oracle at Delphi, to ask about Hermione, and if Polixenes had loved her, and promised he would abide by the decision of the oracle. Some messengers were accordingly despatched for Delphi. All this while Hermione was languishing in prison. When the day arrived on which the answer was expected, Leontes had a court assembled, over which he sat in judgment in his regal robes. Poor Hermione, weak and pale from recent illness, was brought before him in the state of a prisoner. She never showed to better advantage than in her patient endurance of her wrongs, and the hearts of all the spectators went out to her. Then the messengers, who had travelled with great speed, came into court with the sealed answer of Apollo. The officer of the court opened it, and read these words:—

"Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant;

the innocent babe truly begotten, and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost is not found."

At this every one was overjoyed. Never had an oracle spoken more plainly or more to the purpose. But mad Leontes, angry even with the gods for baffling him, rose, declaring that the oracle was false. At this moment a servant rushed into the court with the news of the death of Mamilius. The young prince had been pining ever since his mother's imprisonment, and had suddenly died. When Hermione heard this, the woman overpowered the queen. Her fortitude gave way, and uttering one cry, she fell prostrate in the midst of her guards. Thus, in an hour, the madness of Leontes had deprived himself of wife and children. Then too late his eyes were opened; he saw his gross injustice; he recognized the truth of the oracle; he believed the curse of Apollo had fallen on him forever. His remorse was as violent as his unjust jealousy, and he tore his robes and his hair in a frenzy of passionate sorrow. Paulina only could console him, and as she was a woman of tender heart as well as of strong mind, she was a genuine comforter. With her own hands, too, she prepared the body of Hermione for the grave; watched with it while it lay in state before the funeral, and superintended all the obsequies of her dear queen and mistress.

In all this time Antigonus was sailing rapidly away from the kingdom of Leontes with the innocent babe, on whom the king's wrath had fallen. After a tempestuous voyage, his ship touched land at a coast in Bohemia. The night before they reached this shore, Antigonus had seen in his sleep a vision, which warned him of his approaching death, and instructed him to call the child Perdita (meaning *lost*), and leave her on the nearest shore. Accordingly, he placed the infant in a box with the rich clothing, the gold, and the jewels he had brought with him, and writing on a slip, which he pinned to her garments, the name by which she was to be called, and some of the circumstances of her birth, he landed, and placed her on the shore, which was a very lonely and desolate one.

As soon as he had done this, a terrible storm arose, which obscured all the day. And as Antigonus went over the beach towards his ship, he was seized by a ferocious wild beast, which tore him in pieces. After the storm had abated, an old peasant passing that way found the child in its casket, unharmed by the beasts or the elements, and his son, a simple country youth, also

saw the wretched Antigonus, who was just uttering his dying groans. These two took up the child, and carrying her to their cottage, agreed to call her Perdita, and rear her as a shepherdess.

Sixteen years passed on after the death of Hermione, and Leontes, chastened by grief, had become a grave and somewhat melancholy man, a little past middle age, a just ruler, and much more beloved by his people than in the days of his youthful reign. He had never ceased to mourn for his beloved Hermione; and Paulina, who also mourned the loss of her husband, remained his trusted friend and confidant.

In the kingdom of Polixenes strange events were shaping themselves. Perdita had grown up under the roof of the rude peasants who had fostered her, a beautiful maiden, fair and pure as a lily, with a delicate refinement in all her looks and words, a grace in all her motions, which made the peasants look upon her with admiration, and regard her almost as a queen. She ruled them with a gentle sway, and at all their rustic festivals her wish was law. So it happened that the fame of her loveliness and goodness spread through all the country round.

Prince Florizel, who was the heir, and only son of Polixenes, was a romantic youth of twenty, who spent much time in wandering about the woods and fields of his father's kingdom. It was not strange that he should hear of the radiant beauty of this peasant maid, who was called Perdita, and whose birth was so enveloped in mystery. It was not strange that the youth should seek to see her, to prove for himself if report had spoken truly. Having once seen her, it was the most natural thing in the world that Florizel should lose his heart at once to the beautiful girl who walked the fields like the goddess Flora, who was as modest as Diana, and as fair as Cytherea. To all these goddesses he compared her in his thoughts.

It was not long before the prince gained admission to her foster-father's cottage, and became at home among the shepherd youths. He joined them in their games, and was present at all the feast-days and merry-makings. He kept his rank secret from all but Perdita. To her he avowed his noble parentage, and told her of the love he bore her. Perdita could not withhold her heart from this royal wooer, who was so superior to all the rustic swains, who only dared worship her at a distance; but the lovers dreaded the displeasure of Polixenes, and neither could divine what would be the end of their love. So

they gave themselves up to the happiness of the present, and made no plan for the future. Florizel daily sought the cottage and the society of Perdita. His studies were neglected, he was rarely seen at court, and all the royal attendants wondered at his distraught manner, and his frequent absences.

Of course Polixenes could not help noticing all these things, and at length, by the help of some spies whom he set to watch Florizel's habits, he got very near the truth. And he determined to see for himself what peasant girl it was of whom they declared Florizel to be enamored. So one day he set out with Camillo (who was still loved and honored by him before any one in his whole kingdom) for the place where Perdita dwelt.

It happened that there was a rustic feast on the day Polixenes had chosen for his visit. He attended the feast with Camillo, both of them disguised as merchants. They could scarcely have seen Perdita to better advantage. She shone like a queen among the coarse-featured rustics in the midst of whom she lived. At her side, following her constantly with his eyes — whispering in her attentive ear — calling blushes to her cheek with his tender flatteries — Polixenes beheld his recreant son, — the heir to his proud kingdom.

But the beauty of the maid almost disarmed the king himself at first. He joined their revels for a while. The pretty hands of Perdita dealt to Camillo and himself a part of the flowers, of which she gave appropriate nosegays to each guest. Her bright lips and shifting blushes bade the strangers welcome to their simple pastimes. But Polixenes could not long endure with patience the spectacle of his son at the feet of a peasant girl, and throwing off his disguise before them all, he bitterly reproached Florizel, and threatened to have both Perdita and her father punished for the share they had had in leading his son from his duty. After this the king marched off in great rage, leaving the poor young lovers quite overwhelmed with astonishment and fear. Camillo lingered behind, and to him Florizel told his immediate resolve, which was to take Perdita and fly with her from the shores of Bohemia, to some far-off land, where love was not treason.

Camillo heard him attentively, and seeing he was resolved on flight, he debated within his mind how he might best serve the king, the prince, and his own wishes, all at once. He hit on this plan. He would advise Florizel to go to

Sicily to visit the court of Leontes, who was now so repentant for his conduct to Polixenes, that he would gladly welcome his son. Then Camillo thought, after the departure of Florizel, he would tell Polixenes of his son's whereabouts, and the king, whose anger would have cooled by this time, could go after Florizel, bring him back, and they would be reconciled: while he, Camillo, could accompany the monarch in his journey to Sicily, and thus behold again his native country, for which he had always secretly pined. It must be confessed that Camillo did not think much of Perdita in the affair, and did not much care whether Polixenes was reconciled to her or not. But he furnished the young couple with money, and helped them to get on board a vessel bound for Sicily. They set sail, taking with them the foster father and brother of Perdita, and with favoring winds were soon in the dominions of Leontes.

As soon as they landed, they went straight to the court of that sovereign, who received them with much favor. Florizel represented Perdita to be the daughter of a Libyan king, his new-made princess, and invented some plausible excuse for the scarcity of their attendants. While Leontes was making welcome the prince and his beautiful bride, news was brought to the palace that Polixenes had landed, with the old courtier, Camillo, in search of his lost son. The first persons the king of Bohemia encountered on the shores of Sicily were the old shepherd and his son; these he instantly seized, and took with him to the court.

His appearance turned every thing into confusion. Florizel was pale but resolute; the maiden wept; Leontes was divided between pity for the prince and his beautiful mistress, and sympathy with the parental woes of his old friend Polixenes, when suddenly the frightened old shepherd found a tongue, and piteously implored them not to punish him for the misdeeds of a girl who was not of his blood, and declaring he was only the adopted father of Perdita, he produced the proofs of her birth. He pulled out from their concealment in his garments, the mantle in which the infant had been wrapped, the jewels she wore, and the slip of paper on which Antigonus had left directions for her name, and instructions that she was of noble birth, and should be tenderly reared. In an instant all was changed: Leontes clasped Perdita in his arms, crying out that she was his lost daughter; Paulina listened to the account of her husband's death with tears of grief, which were softened by her joy in seeing the oracle

fulfilled; Camillo was dumb with amazement, and Florizel scarcely knew whether he waked or dreamed. There were laughter and tears, and explanations and rejoicings, till the whole court of Sicily seemed to have gone quite mad.

Of course there was now no bar to the marriage of Florizel and Perdita, and their hands were plighted and the wedding-day fixed. Now the court gave themselves up to merry-making and rejoicings, which were only marred to Leontes by the memory of his lost Hermione. When Paulina saw that his face often wore a shadow, and that many a sigh escaped him which only her quick ear heard, she could no longer keep secret a surprise she had been reserving for him. This was a statue of Hermione of life-size, and so wonderfully done by a very famous artist, that it looked like the living, breathing image of the dead queen. Indeed, said Paulina, the painter had done his work so well, that he had not reproduced the Hermione of sixteen years ago, but the queen as she would have looked at the moment her daughter was found.

After hearing of this wonderful piece of art, all were impatient to see it. Paulina invited all the royal party to one of her houses, a little removed from the royal palace, where she had been in the habit of spending much of her time. Here, in one of the largest apartments, they all beheld a raised platform, in front of which a curtain fell in concealing folds. Presently, to the sound of music, the curtain was withdrawn, and on a low pedestal, clad in sweeping draperies of white, stood the statue of the queen. It was indeed as Paulina had said. The face and figure was not that of the girlish queen who had sunk under the unjust anger of Leontes. It was that of a noble, dignified woman, adding to the loveliness of youth the serene and chastened beauty of ripened womanhood. All present cried out with amazement, and Leontes would have rushed forward to clasp the image in his arms, if Paulina had not restrained him. She told him he would mar the statue; that the color was not yet dry; the material that which would not endure rude touch. But Leontes, almost beside himself, besought her to make the statue live. It seemed, in its life-like aspect, to move and breathe: might it not also *speak* to him? The miracle was wrought when the statue was formed; it would be adding nothing to the wonder of it, to give it voice and utterance.

With a sudden gesture of command, Paulina made them all draw back a little. Since Leontes wished it, the clay *should* live. She bade the



"The cold, cold moon above her head,
 Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
 Young Harry heard what she had said,
 And icy cold he turned away."

. Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

music sound, and while a choir of concealed musicians sang in soft accord, she invoked Hermione to come down from her pedestal. Then the white bosom of the statue heaved: the clasped hands stretched eagerly forward; in another moment the image became a woman, and Hermione was weeping on the bosom of her husband and in the arms of her daughter.

When Paulina's voice could be heard, she was ready to explain the mystery. It was no miracle that she had wrought. She had discovered, on the night before the burial of the queen, that

she was only in a trance — *not dead* — and by much nursing had brought back her life. Hermione had refused, however, to let her recovery be made known, till her child that was lost could be found. The faithful Paulina had been her only attendant, and for sixteen years she had awaited this happy moment which she believed the oracle predicted.

All this being told, between happy tears, the nuptials of Florizel and Perdita were celebrated, and all the trials of Leontes ended in wondrous happiness.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS."

CHAPTER VII.

THE next time little Lou went home to grand-mama's, was when Aunt Fanny was married. He was a year older now, and his head was covered with short curls, his cheeks were red as roses, and he could run about everywhere, and even take long walks with his papa and mama.

On the night of his arrival, he was so sleepy and tired that he cared for nothing but to get to bed. He shut his eyes, and kept saying, "Bed! bed!" So his mama undressed him and put him into his crib, and then she came down into the parlor, and they all had a long talk together. It would be hard to tell what they did n't talk about; and whether it was chiefly about the wedding, and who was invited, and what Aunt Fanny was to wear; or Lou's little sayings and doings, and what *he* should wear at the wedding, and how he was likely to behave. His papa said he was afraid he would talk too much, and be troublesome; and his mama said it would excite him to sit up so late in the evening, and that he would be better off in bed. But nobody would listen to a word they said. Every body was determined to let all the wedding guests see this beautiful little boy; they were sure he would behave well, and not talk at all; and as to his being up late just one night, what did that signify?

The next morning Lou awoke very early, as he always did, and crept into his mama's bed, and chattered and frolicked till she was so far awake that she thought she might as well get up. She took him in her arms, and went into Aunt Fanny's room to show him to her.

Aunt Fanny was asleep, but she started up, and held out her arms to the little fellow. But Lou drew back, and hid his face on his mama's shoulder.

"Lou must n't be afraid of his Aunt Fanny," said mama. "That is his own, dear Aunt Fanny."

Lou raised his head and looked roguishly at his aunty, who still held out her arms, longing to catch the little darling and cover him with hugs and kisses.

"Aunty 'anny, no! Aunty 'anny, no!" said Lou.

"How funny it is to hear him talk," said Aunt Fanny. "Oh, what lovely hair! O Laura! to think of your having a child with curly hair! Lou, you precious little pet, see what aunty has under her pillow."

And she drew out her watch and held it up before him.

Lou smiled, but he was too old a bird to be caught with watches.

"Does he like to look at pictures? I have ever so many pictures to show him. Just wait till I'm dressed."

And Aunt Fanny jumped out of bed, and flew hither and thither, and was washed and dressed in a twinkling. Lou looked on with great surprise. He had never seen any lady dress but his mama, and thought the clothes of all others grew upon them, as they were always there when he saw them. He was so interested that he did not observe that his mama had seated him on the bed, and slipped away to her own room. When he missed her, he began to cry.

"What does Lou want? Does he want his mama?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Wam," said Lou.

"Wam?" repeated Aunt Fanny; "what can that be, I wonder? What is 'wam'?" she asked.

But Lou continued to cry, and to rub his eyes with both his little fists.

"Does Lou want to see some pretty pictures? See, aunty will show him ever so many pictures."

But Lou kept his fists close to his eyes, and kept on crying.

"Dear me, what shall I do?" thought Aunt Fanny. "I can't take him to his mama unless his papa is up, and who knows but he is in the midst of dressing. Does Lou know where papa is?"

"Wam," said Lou.

"What is 'wam,' I do wonder? Is it cake Lou wants?"

"Wam."

"Well, I declare! I can't make any thing of him! I'll carry him in to mother. See here, mother; Laura has brought Lou in to me, and he keeps crying for 'wam,' and I don't know what 'wam' is, and what *shall* I do?"

"His old grandmama will soon comfort him. Come here, blessed little darling; come to his own grandmama."

But Lou drew back, and clung to Aunt Fanny. Yet he stopped crying, and stared hard at grandmama, as if he would say,—"If here is n't another woman without any dress on!"

"Is n't he a little beauty?" asked Aunt Fanny. "And is n't his hair just as pretty as it can be? Did any of us have such hair? Oh yes, I remember little Charlie had."

"Yes," said grandmama, in a tender voice, while tears filled her eyes; "my little Charlie's hair lay on his head like rings of gold."

"Dead twenty-five years, and mother shed tears for him still!" thought Aunt Fanny, and she sighed, and held little Lou closer, lest they might lose him, too.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOU's mama now came, smiling, in.

"O Laura," said Aunt Fanny, "poor Lou has been crying so for some 'wam.' What is it, for pity's sake?"

"'Wam!'" repeated his mama, looking puzzled. "I'm sure I don't know. What was it Lou wanted?"

"Lou want mama. Aunty 'anny said, 'Lou want mama?' Lou said 'wam.'"

"Oh, I see now!" said his mama. "He always says 'wam' for yes."

"How funny!" cried Aunt Fanny. "What a droll little creature he is! Do make haste and get him dressed, Laura; the boys are all longing to see him. What fun they will have with him!"

"Yes, I know they will. I have no doubt that among you all he will be quite spoiled. We have taken the greatest pains with him, but he is often very disobedient and self-willed."

Neither grandmama nor aunty believed one word of this speech. When Lou made them that charming visit a year ago, he behaved like a little angel. And why should n't he now? Pretty soon, however, they heard fearful shrieks proceeding from mama's room.

"What can Laura be doing to Lou?" cried Aunt Fanny. "I mean to go and see. How can she let him cry so?"

She ran through the hall, and gave a loud, angry knock at her sister's door.

"I really believe you are doing something dreadful to that child," she cried.

"Come in and see for yourself," was the answer.

Aunt Fanny rushed in. On the floor lay scattered the fragments of grandmama's best pitcher; the carpet was soaked with water; a chair lay overturned, and Lou, without any clothing, stood screaming in the midst.

"Well, you see!" said his mama.

"Yes, I see," said Aunt Fanny.

"I only wish you had him to wash and dress," said his mama.

"Lou don't want be washed *either*," shouted Lou.

Aunt Fanny looked very grave.

"Did he break the pitcher?" she asked.

"Yes, and would have broken the bowl, too, if I had not caught it in time."

"Mother had that pitcher when she first went to housekeeping," said Aunt Fanny, picking up the fragments. "Well, it can't be helped. I never would have believed that beautiful little body could hold such a temper. However, he'll outgrow it. How white his skin is! Suppose I help you bathe and dress him?"

"I wish you would. When that is once over, he will be good and pleasant all day, as likely as not."

Between them both, Lou's little garments were somehow got on to him, and when they went down to breakfast, he was the picture of health and beauty and sweetness. His uncles did nothing but laugh at every thing he said and did; he could not eat a morsel without its being followed with perfect shouts.

"Do look at him picking up his potato with his fingers, and putting it into his spoon," said one.

"And he holds his spoon as if it were a drumstick," said another.

Then when Aunt Fanny told about his visit to her in her bed-room, and all about his saying "wam," there was such an uproar that grand-mama said she was ashamed of them all, and wondered what Lou's papa must think.

After breakfast, mama took him up-stairs with her, while she opened her trunks, and consulted Aunt Fanny as to what they should wear at the wedding.

"I have not got myself a new dress, dear," said she. "I thought you would n't mind. My green silk is just as good as new, I go out so little since Lou came; and with a handsome collar, and this pretty lace cap, I think I shall do very well. As to Lou, I suppose you will want him to be dressed in white."

"Oh, yes, white of course. Not that he does n't look very nicely in his blue dresses; he looks like a little cherub, whatever he wears."

"There's no knowing, however, how he'll behave at the wedding. I do wish, Fanny, that you and the boys would not laugh at every thing he says and does."

"We can't help it. Every thing he says and every thing he does is so funny. We have n't been used to children: think how long it is since we had one in the house. And all his little ways are so different from the ways of grown people. There's no use in worrying, Laura. The first grandchild has to be spoiled."

"Lou, where *did* you get that enormous piece of cake?" cried his mother, turning suddenly round.

Lou instantly put both hands behind him, holding the cake out of sight.

"Mother gave it to him," said Aunt Fanny.

"Just as he had finished a hearty breakfast! It is too bad! I never let him eat between meals, never. When we were children, mother never gave us cake in this style."

"I don't think we shall have time to kill Lou," said Aunt Fanny, "unless you let Herbert go home without you, and make us a visit after he has gone."

"I can't do that. Nothing less than a wedding would have brought us here, at all. Won't Lou give mama some of his cake?"

Yes, Lou would. He broke off a crumb about large enough to feed a bird, and crowded it into her mouth. After a deal of coaxing, he gave Aunt Fanny a piece also, and so, by degrees, they got a good part of it away from him.

CHAPTER IX.

At last it was time for Lou's nap.

"It is very hard to get him to sleep," said his mama. "I have to tell him stories, or sing to him, to get him quiet."

"Oh, I can get him to sleep," said Aunt Fanny. "If it's nothing but telling stories and singing, you may safely leave that to me. Go down and sit with mother."

Mama smiled.

"Come here, Lou," said she. "Mama is going to take off your little shoes, and put your little tired feet to bed."

"Lou's itty feet no tired," said Lou, and he ran off and hid behind a trunk. When his mama tried to catch him, he ran and climbed into a chair, from which he meant to get on to the top of the bureau. Mama caught him, while Aunt Fanny stood and laughed to see such a race.

"Now I've caught you!" said mama, and she kissed him, and began to tell him a little story, while she untied his shoes.

"Give him to me; I can tell stories," said Aunt Fanny. And, somehow, she got him into her arms, and began her story.

Lou's face began to light up, and his cheeks to grow more rosy; he sat up very stiff and straight, and looked at Aunt Fanny as if he would look her through.

"Oh, you'll never get him to sleep at this rate," said his mama. "Your story is too interesting, and wakes him up. Just mutter over something about horses and whips; something without much sense to it."

"Well, you go down and see mother, and I will. Hearing you talk makes him turn his head around; it is that that wakes him up."

"I'll let Laura see that I can get Lou to sleep in five minutes," she thought. "It is only to hum a little nonsense, and walk up and down the room once or twice."

So she took the heavy little fellow in her

arms, and began to sing the first thing that came into her head, —

"There is a great, white horse,
As big as ten together;
He trots all day, he trots all night,
And never minds the weather.

"And there's a golden coach,
For the horse to draw about;
Ten little girls can sit inside,
And ten little boys without.

"And there's a great long whip,
For the driver tall and black;
With it he never strikes the horse,
But only makes it crack."

Lou liked very much to lie in his aunty's arms and be carried up and down. He did not



know how it tired her, nor how she was getting out of breath. He lay so still that she said to herself, as she sang the last verse, —

"He's almost asleep. I can lay him down in a moment."

But Lou burst out in an eager voice, with, —
"And Lou'll be the driver."

Aunt Fanny looked at him. Never was a child more wide awake. She began to sing again, and once more, at the close of the last verse, Lou cried out, —

"And Lou'll be the driver!"

"Yes, yes, Lou shall be the driver. Only go to sleep now, darling." And once more she began to sing. But it was all in vain. The more she sang the wider the two bright eyes opened, and the eager cry kept coming, —

"And Lou'll drive!"

"I may as well give up," said Aunt Fanny, at last, sinking into a chair. "Now, if I had sung that to a girl-baby, it would have gone to sleep in a trice. What shall I do? Laura will never trust him to me again!"

When, after a while, mama came up-stairs, she found the two sitting on the carpet, making houses of blocks.

"Ah!" said she, "I knew you could not get Lou to sleep!"

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER II.

HAVING, in our first chapter, introduced our little Virginians with some characteristic anecdotes of their earlier childhood, we left them, with their parents and favorite servants, grouped on the front porch of their home. This was on a pleasant June morning, and the family were in consultation upon a matter of great importance to our young friends. It was Beverly's birthday, he having this day completed his eighth year, and the anniversary was to be honored as usual by an entertainment, to which all their young relatives and acquaintances were to be invited, and all the poor children in the vicinity regaled by a liberal distribution of cakes and nuts.

Beverly was dressed in his newest summer suit of blue nankeen, adorned with silvery bullet buttons, carrying a light rattan cane in one

hand, and with the other in his pocket impatiently chinking sundry small silver coins, called nine-pences and fourpence ha'pennies, which had come to him as birthday presents. Little Emily, in her white frock and pink ribbons, her rosy cheeks and eager eyes, seemed totally absorbed in the arrangements for the proposed entertainment, and thought it scarcely possible for her to live in waiting until four o'clock in the afternoon, the time fixed upon for the assembling of the guests.

Beverly, on the other hand, seemed to care very little about the party, but was all eagerness to get permission to go to town with Bill to spend his money as he might fancy. He was the more anxious, perhaps, because Uncle Caesar had told him slyly that he must make haste to get rid of the money, or it would burn holes in his new pockets.

In reply to his request, papa, smiling, referred him to his muna, who could refuse her darling nothing that he persistently demanded, but, at the same time, showed her reluctance by the numerous cautions and warnings with which her consent was accompanied. Beverly was to be careful not to spoil his clothes; he was to avoid all rowdy company. On no account was he to go near the mill-dam and get drowned, and must not shoot marbles for keeps; and if rude boys called him names, or threw stones at him, he must not answer back, but must return early, and behave like a polite little gentleman under all circumstances.

Now Beverly listened to all this good advice, as if he was more anxious to hear the conclusion than to profit by it; so as soon as his mother paused to think of some other possible evil to guard him against, he cried, "Yes, ma'am, I will," and started off at a run, followed by the delighted Bill, not deigning to notice the additional scraps of counsel which the loving lady sent after him as far as her voice could reach.

But as the heedless couple darted into the main road, their course was checked by a louder and more authoritative voice, "Shut that gate, you careless little rogues."

Bill snickered, and running back, carefully latched the big gate, which in their haste they had left swinging, and they then resumed their merry walk toward the village, discussing the intended purchases by the way. Bill suggested a visit to old Murquart's, where they might buy horse cakes and tuffy. But Bery said, no; they had plenty of sweet things at home, and he thought of buying a watch with a chain and seals, which would hang down in front like pupa's.

Bill, who calculated on being a heavy partner in the results of the shopping, could n't see the advantage of this proposition, and advised little Master against it. They had several clocks and watches at home, and as they did n't know how to tell the time of day by them, what did they want with another watch? Beverly replied that he did n't want his watch to tell the time of day, but his mother had made a fob in his pants, like pupa's, and he wanted a watch to put in it.

As they went on chattering in this way, they reached the outskirts of the village, and passing a miserable tumble-down house, were stopped by a boy, who hailed Beverly, —

"Hello, mister; don't you want to buy a pup? I'll sell ye the prettiest pup ye ever see, for a quarter."

Instinctively Bev began feeling for his money, when Bill at the same time tugged violently at his sleeve, — "Mass Bevy, Mass Bevy, don't buy na'ry pup. Don't you know our dog at home has got six pups, and some of 'em is got to be drowned, kase there's too many?"

The recollection of this fact induced our hero to decline the proposed bargain, and he essayed to pass on; but the new boy had no mind to drop the acquaintance so easily. Coming up to Bevy, he praised his silver buttons, and expressed his immense admiration of a boy that had "sich a rich daddy," winding up by demanding a fourpence-ha'penny to buy marbles with. This demand, made in a tone which reminded one more of the foot-pad than the beggar, was agreed to without hesitation by our young gentleman, who handed over the four-penny bit with that air of easy liberality which marked his class. The boy took the money with a chuckle of satisfaction, without returning thanks in any form, but continued to walk along with Beverly, and to talk with increasing familiarity. In a loud voice, and in the rudest language, he expressed his contempt for stinginess, and said, "Them as sot up to be gentlemen, ought to be liberal with their money; if not, they was no better nor dirty swell heads." He wound up by offering to conduct Beverly to the mill-dam, where he promised they would have fine sport catching mud suckers, and pelting frogs.

Now, Bill was in no way pleased with their new companion, and took the opportunity, in an under-tone, to inform his master that this was Jack Roughead, and he should not have any thing to do with such trash.

The Roughead family were notorious in the village and neighborhood, for drunken brawling, dishonesty, underhanded trading with negroes, and all manner of petty villainies which vex a quiet community. Jack seemed a worthy representative of the stock, and likely to do credit to the reputation of both father and mother. He was an ugly, wiry-looking cur, somewhat taller and older than Beverly; his dirty freckled face was capped by a shock of bristling yellow hair, which appeared never to have been disturbed by a comb, or to have felt the confinement of a hat. He wore breeches of coarse tow linen, stained, patched, and so shrunk, that they were uncomfortably tight, and left his bare shanks sticking out a long distance below. He had no coat, but only a striped linsay waistcoat, ornamented with half-a-dozen buttons of pewter, horn, brass, and leather, not two of them alike. His shirt, however, was of fine linen, neatly stitched, and tol-

erably clean, and so little in character with the wearer and the rest of his costume, that one might suspect it had not been manufactured at home, but found ready-made on some gentleman's clothes-line. Jack seemed rather proud of this shirt, and his sense of importance increased every time he looked at it.

There was an elvish impudence in Jack's manner which completely captivated our hero, and with little persuasion he agreed to accompany him to the mill-dam. His boasting, too, was enough to excite curiosity, for he declared the suckers were plenty as tadpoles, and of enormous size.

Always acquiescent where sport or mischief were in the wind, Bill laid aside his prejudices

There was a mud bank in the middle of the pond to be seen when the water was low — but now invisible; if one could only get out there, eels could be caught with certainty.

On the bank lay a large tub made of the section of a water-cask, and left there by some washerwomen. On this vessel our ingenious inventors (of mischief) turned their eyes.

"If a feller only had a boat," quoth Jack, "and could get out in the middle, he could catch 'em as long as my leg. That tub might do for a boat, if any body knew how to make it go." — "Oh," said one of the boys, "you've only to take one of these hoop-poles and push on the bottom, and she'll travel like a ferry-boat on the river."

Bill, who had had some experience boating on the cattle-pond in a feed-trough, now spoke up, — "When you push de pole down it stick in de mud, and up-ot you boat. I knows a better way: jis take a board and paddle along so; den she go like dem ducks." There were some ducks sailing on the opposite side of the pond, whose motions illustrated Bill's idea beautifully.

"Whose gwine to try it?" asked Jack, looking round at the company.

The strange boys frankly declared they were afraid.

"What a lot of sneaks!" exclaimed Jack. "I'll bet a dollar this little nigger ain't afeard!"

Bill replied in an indignant tone, — "I bet you afeard you'self."

Jack turned his snaky eye on Beverly, and said significantly, — "I'll bet I know a boy that ain't afeard."

At this hint our hero's face reddened, his eyes sparkled, and he spoke up in an excited manner, —

"My papa has been across the sea in a big ship, when there was a storm, and the waves rolled as high as that mill, and he was n't afraid in the least."

"Whew!" whistled Jack, "if your pap is that kind of a man, I reckon you ain't afeard to go a-boating in that tub."

"No, I am not," said Beverly, taking hold of the vessel and assisting Jack to launch it.

Bill remonstrated warmly, recalling the terrors of being drowned; of muddy clothes, and mama's displeasure: but all in vain; our hero's head was set on the venture, and he was determined to show he was not afraid.



against their guide, and followed, grinning at the idea of the big fish they were going to catch.

On arriving at the mill-dam, they found two ragged boys angling from the bank, but in appearance the sport was not very brisk. Jack called out to inquire — What luck? when one of them returned a cross answer, — "I wish you'd hold your jaw. I had a bite just now, and you scared it away."

This bite was the only sign of sport they had had, at which Jack expressed great surprise, declaring that his daddy caught eels here every night, and he knew the dam was full of them.

Officious Jack had meanwhile got him two hoop poles to steer with, and holding the tub while Betsy got on board, started it from the shore with a hearty shove.

In spite of Beverly's efforts to steady himself, the tub rocked frightfully; he pushed right and left, but presently lost both poles in the mud, as Bill had foreseen. Then in his attempts to recover them, the frail boat tilted over until it dipped water, first on one side, and then on the other.

To make things worse, he became dreadfully frightened, and lost his coolness, while the conflicting advice which he got from the boys on the bank, served still more to increase his confusion.

So the tub, rolling and rocking, without guidance, went drifting away toward the mill-shoot, its headway becoming more and more rapid as it approached. Presently a stout man with a red face, and clothes all white with flour, came out of the mill, and seeing the boys, commenced swearing at them in a dreadful threatening manner. The little sinners on shore immediately fled out of sight, all except Bill, who ran up to the man, and, with tears rolling down his cheeks, begged him to save little Master from being drowned.

The miller, who was daily tormented by the idle mischief of the boys that collected about the dam, and not clearly understanding the state of the case, seized Bill by the arm, and was about



to lather him with a barrel stave he held in his hand.

"Please sir," screamed Bill, "save Master Betsy Moreland from getting drowned, and whip me arterwards."

"What!" cried the miller, releasing his prisoner, "is that Colonel Moreland's son in the tub there? That's another matter. Steady, my little man; don't be scared; just squat down in the middle, and be still till she drifts down to the shoot, and I'll lift you out without wetting your shoes."

Encouraged by the miller's cheery voice, our young adventurer did as he was told, and presently he felt a rough but friendly grasp upon his arm, and himself safely lifted upon the mill-dam wall.

As he recovered his spirits, he thanked the miller for the timely assistance, and having received some good advice about dangerous localities and low company, he started again for the main street of the village. Pleased with his lucky escape, and the novelty of his recent adventure, our hero speedily forgot the disagreeable accompaniments, and began to boast of his boat ride, declaring if the vessel had only been a little steadier, he could have travelled all around the dam in it without being scared.

"Mass Betsy," said Bill, "ef it had n't been for that good Mr. Miller, I spec' you'd been a travellin' yit down stream."

"If you talk that way," said the little Master,

"I won't give you any thing that I'm going to buy."

"If I tells lies, Missus won't gimme no cakes; if I tells truth, Mass Bevy won't give me nothin': I reckon I best hush talkin'," and so Bill was silent.

Before they arrived at the main street where the stores were, their attention was again diverted from the matter of their purchases, by a group of boys, who were playing a game which caused a great deal of noise and merriment. As Beverly drew near, he was recognized by several acquaintances, who invited him to join the sport. To this he consented with a will, and was soon as much interested as any of the party. The game on the turf was called "Smash Egg," and is played in this manner: An egg is placed on the ground in an open spot, while a boy closely blindfolded, with a long limber switch in his hand, starts from a goal about ten steps distant. Having groped his way to what he supposes is the right spot, he halts, and strikes three blows, endeavoring to break the egg, and thereby win the honors of the game. During the trial, the blind-man is screamed at, quizzed, and confused as much as possible by his companions, to whom his awkward efforts and ludicrous mistakes afford immense amusement. Beverly enjoyed the game very much, and was twice successful in breaking the egg; and spattering his clothes with the contents.

At length, all the eggs being used up, the sport came to an end, and a game of marbles was proposed instead. As each little fellow produced his store of these favorite toys, our two adventurers were suddenly enlightened on the subject which had occupied their thoughts since morning. Beverly had no marbles, but had money enough to fill both pockets, and wondered he had not thought of them before. This being known, several of the boys eagerly volunteered as guides and counselors, to show him the shop where the best were kept, and where they gave most for the money.

The differences of opinion on this subject had nearly produced a fight among the advisers, but the point was at length amicably settled, and in the shortest time possible our hero returned to the play-ground, penniless, but with both pockets swelled out with beautiful white alleys. Bill's eyes rolled in delight over his share, which, in default of pockets, filled his mouth and both hands, while the assistants, gloating over the brilliant additions to their modest stores, whispered to each other, "Ain't he a nice boy?"

In those days, glass and porcelain marbles were unknown, our sporting juveniles having knowledge of but three kinds, which were classified according to finish and costliness, bearing some analogy to the gold, silver, and copper coins of our currency. The first were made of white marble, often veined with red and pink, very hard, polished, and handsome. They were called white alleys, and sold for a cent apiece. They were esteemed as a sort of aristocratic marble, almost too fine for use, and a boy whose pockets were filled with white alleys was a person to be envied and deferred to. The second class, called "grays," were manufactured of some fine-grained gray stone, and sold at from four to six for a cent. They were looked upon as very respectable middle-class toys, and composed the active playing stock of all the schools and street-corner clubs, that relied on marbles as their chief amusement. And as boys became rich or poor by the fluctuations of fortune in the games of marbles, they freely bartered whites for grays, or grays for whites, giving or taking five for one. The third class were made of common potter's clay, glazed and burnt like a milk crock. They were light in weight, lob-sided, liable to chip, and worth only a cent a dozen. They were so deeply despised, that no lad who had any self-respect, would acknowledge that he owned one. A boy would blush if a crockery was detected in his pile, and would immediately throw it away; and any one who attempted to introduce so despicable a piece into a reputable game lost caste, and was shunned as a fellow of unsafe morals.

Crockerries usually fell into the hands of poor, neglected, dirty-faced little brats, who knew nothing beyond the limits of the alley where they were born, and did not see a cent oftener than once in a season. Indeed, these little simpletons often appeared to have more enjoyment with their cheap playthings, than those who sported the most costly; but that was because they did not know any better.

When our young friends got back to the play-ground, they found the company altogether changed; Jack Roughhead, and his two friends from the mill-dam, had come up and taken possession of the game, at which the more civil boys picked up their marbles and left.

As Beverly approached, Jack called out to him, — "Come on, my spunky boatman; here's a fast-rate chance to win some marbles at this game; none of us can shoot worth any thing."

At the first sight of his late companions, our

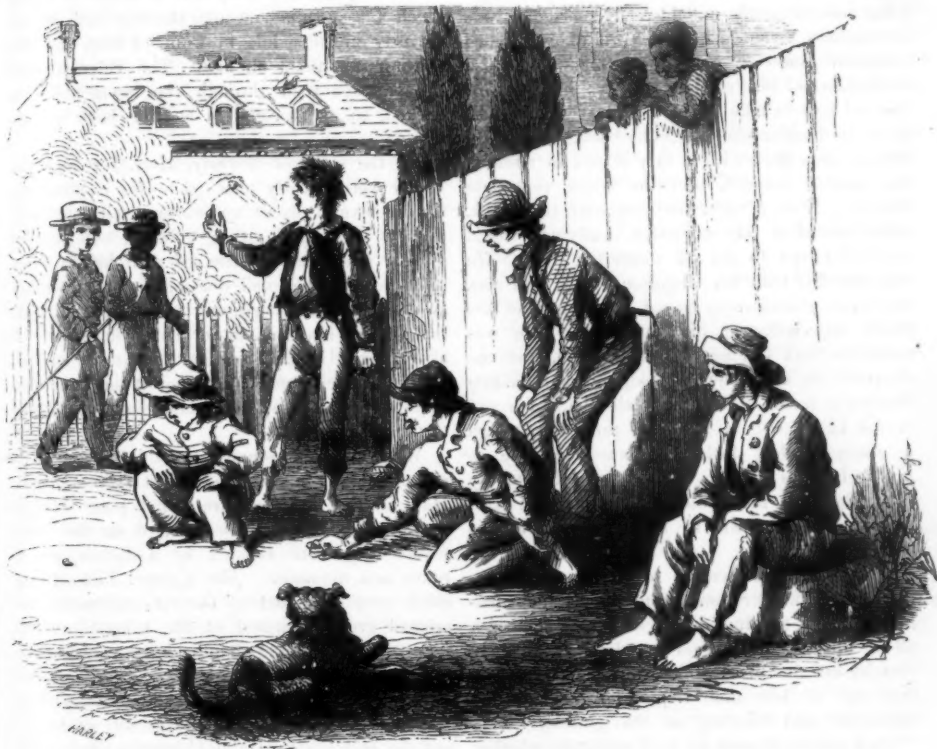
hero's face flushed with shame and resentment, remembering how scared he had been, and how meanly they had abandoned him in his scrape; but Jack allowed him no time to think.

"I say, fellers, here's a boy that's not afeard to win a pocket full of marvels when he gits a chance. He's no mammy's boy, that dassent shoot for keeps when he's a mind to. Jecmenty!" exclaimed Jack, "he's got lots and gobs of real white alleys, and he's not stingy nuther." Jack's wicked eyes glistened at the

sight of all this wealth, and he so plied our hero with flattery, that, before he clearly knew what he was doing, he found himself engaged in the game. Bill had not failed to enter his protest, — "Mass Bevy," he whispered, "don't shoot wid dem fellers; dey cheat you."

"You nigger, stand back; by jingo, can't he shoot, though!" cried Jack. "See him knock that marvel from baste — fair play — he'll win all our'n in no time."

Now, although Beverly was quite skillful at



marbles, he had never been used to playing amidst so much violent and vulgar wrangling, and he was also confused by the new rules which were sprung upon him at every turn, and always decided to his disadvantage. In a remarkably short time his pockets were emptied, but he had become so heated in the game, that he turned to Bill and insisted on borrowing back the marbles he had recently given him. Bill handed them over without a word, but his grieved reluctance was expressed by a half-suppressed sob and two large tears that stood upon his plump ebony

cheeks. Turning his eyes away, our hero continued the game with dogged perseverance. Bill's reinforcements soon followed the rest, and at length Beverly's last set was in the ring, and his toy lay near the line. His hopes and his patience were going together. "Knuckle down," cried he, fiercely, to Jack, who was impudently breaking rules, and shoving up his hand, to have a sure shot, — "knuckle down, you sneaking thief."

This outbreak started Bill, who commenced dancing and blubbing, — "Dat's right, Mass

Bevy: call him teif, what he is; I see him cheatin' you all de time."

Jack, leaping to his feet, snatching up all the marbles, and bristling with indignation, exclaimed, — "Look 'e here; ef niggers is 'lowed to meddle in this game, I'm a gwine to quit."

"You 'se no better an a nigger you'seff," retorted Bill, edging up to his master.

Jack responded by a box on the ear, which set Bill roaring. Our hero had heretofore been used to sailing in smooth water, with affectionate indulgence and easy deference from all his surroundings, naturally amiable. His present rude experiences astonished, even more than they had wounded him. In his bewilderment, he stood with clenched fists, stewing and swelling, yet undecided how to take things. But at this assault upon his humble companion, he boiled over. He sprung upon Jack with a fury which, in spite of his greater strength, sent the young reprobate reeling. Now, it must be confessed, that Jack, notwithstanding his impudent bullying, would have preferred to get off without a fight. He was satisfied with his ill-gotten spoils, and was, moreover, considerably cowed by a sense of the social superiority of his antagonist. He was afraid to hurt Colonel Moreland's son, and endeavored to fight shy, by dodging, and holding Beverly's hands. But the little gentleman put in his blows with a will, and proved so rough a customer, that Jack was forced to take to his heels. As he ran, Beverly seized him by the collar, and in so doing, tore his shirt with a double rent, down to the waistband of his breeches.

This catastrophe seemed to arouse Jack's nature above considerations of prudence, and turning suddenly, he pitched into his antagonist with all his might. Blown and overdone as Beverly was by his first onset, this contest was a short one, and in less than a minute, our hero lay breathless and bleeding on the ground.

Jack paused a moment, as if uncertain whether he should follow up his victory, when another glance at his ruined shirt roused his anger to the highest pitch. "Leave him be," cried several voices; "that's enough." Bill, breaking loose from a boy who had collared him, now rushed to the rescue with a stone, not big enough to represent the extent of his good will, but entirely too large for any practical use in a fight.

At this moment, a man on horseback was seen approaching, and Jack again taking to his heels, was soon out of sight. This timely ally proved

to be Uncle Cæsar, who had been sent out to look after the young laggards.

There had been the greatest anxiety and distress at the Hall on account of their prolonged absence. The tables were spread, and the guests assembled, but the master of the feast could nowhere be heard of. Little Emily received the company, and managed to do the honors creditably, in spite of an occasional shadow of mortification and uneasiness at the absence of her brother.

At length, every body was relieved at seeing Uncle Cæsar riding through the lane with Master Beverly on the saddle in front of him, and Bill trotting after them on foot. The rider avoided the carriage road through the lawn, and rode around, so, as to come in at the back of the house.

At the sight of Beverly, Mrs. Moreland and Emily were greatly shocked. His clothes were torn in several places, and covered with stains of muddy water, yolk of eggs, blood, and crushed grass. His face was streaked with half a dozen ugly red scratches, and one of his eyes already swelled, shut, and beginning to turn purple. At the sight of him, his mother and little sister fell a weeping. His father ordered him to be washed, and put to bed immediately, and at the same time requested the ladies to dry their tears, and attend to their company.

While the games and good things were merrily circulating among the select visitors in the Hall, all the little wayfarers and poor children that could be found, were collected on the lawn, where they were regaled by a distribution of cakes and almonds. The Colonel himself presided over this part of the entertainment, and seemed greatly amused at the mingled exhibitions of shyness and delight, by the little bare-footed people, as they received their presents, and then ran away as fast as they could, to enjoy them.

When the cakes and nuts were all given out, and the children gone, the Colonel walked down to the gate, where several groups were collected under the trees, dividing their presents, chattering and eating. The good gentleman was pleased to see the little ones enjoying his bounty, and wondered, that, when so much happiness could be conferred with so little trouble and expense, it was not thought of oftener.

As he approached, the chattering ceased, and presently a sturdy little fellow about six years old, stepped up, and held out his hand full of almond hulls, — "Look 'ere, Mister man: five of of them nuts you gimme, had worms in 'em."

"Indeed, my little fellow," said the Colonel, "I'm sorry you've been so unlucky."

"I want good uns in place of 'em," said the boy, stoutly.

"Get out, you little churl," replied the Colonel.

The boy trotted off down the road, and then turning about, cried out, — "Ef I sot up to give people nuts, I would n't give 'em rotten ones," and casting the hulls contemptuously towards the donor, disappeared in the bushes.

At sunset the company all departed, and the family soon after collected around the tea-table. Little Emily had had a pleasant day, in spite of the vexatious occurrences. Beverly, who was up again, sat silent and crestfallen, but devoured his supper with uncommon appetite. He had given a tolerably fair account of his day's adventures, and received in return an affectionate lecture on dirt, danger, and disobedience, and forgiveness of enemies. He dutifully acquiesced in all that his good mother said, at the same time wondering to himself how long it would be before Jack Roughhead got his dues, and if there was really any place bad enough to hold such a scapegrace.

When the children were gone to bed, Mrs. Moreland spoke to her husband with unusual earnestness, — "I declare, these Roughheads are

a nuisance to the whole neighborhood, and should be punished, and driven away. I hope, my dear, you will not let this pass as you do every thing else, but have the whole family prosecuted to the extent of the law."

"Old Roughhead is a poor creature," said the Colonel, mildly. "He is indicted by every Grand Jury that sits, for some peccadillo or another; he is fined, and has nothing to pay; is imprisoned, and then lives at the public expense, while his family is charged on the county. Last Court he was arraigned for selling whiskey without license, and receiving stolen goods from negroes. The evidence was conclusive, and no lawyer would volunteer to defend him. He undertook to defend himself, and made the following speech to the jury: —

"Gentlemen, — In the War of 1812, I was a soldier, and fit for my country. Gentlemen, now I'm a poor man; I've got no house, no land, no trade, no money, no credit, no education, and no sense. I've got nothin' on a'ir but children and enemies."

"This was his speech, and he was acquitted unanimously."

Mrs. Moreland sighed: "Alas! they are indeed to be pitied. I wonder if the children could not be induced to attend Sunday-school?"

THOR'S JOURNEY TO JOTUNHEIM.

"NONE but a craven would bear such effrontery any longer," said Thor, grasping Mjölner — his trusty hammer. "This Niding shall be punished," and beckoning to Loke, they left the feast of the Gods in Valhalla, put the two goats before the golden carriage, and soon the horn of Heimdall announced that Thor was crossing Bifrost to Midgård.

The cause of Thor's rage and sudden departure from Asgård, was the news Odin's raven had brought, that Utgårdalok had come to Upsala with a host of giants, and burnt the far-famed temple of Odin. Thor had not uttered a word about the object of his journey, and sat sullen in his carriage while they rolled along the rough roads of Midgård. But he was soon pleasantly surprised by the reception he received from every living being, and all the plants of Midgård. The birds loudly sang the praise of his brilliant deeds,

and the trees bowed in thankfulness for the refreshing rains he sent them during the scorching heat of summer.

When the Sun had set, slowly dragging his royal mantle of scarlet after him, the two travellers halted in front of a low hut, occupied by an old peasant with his wife and two children, a boy and a girl. The old woman was in great trouble because she had nothing wherewith to regale her guests, as her larder contained only a few roots. "Never mind," said Thor; "I will provide the supper if you will set the table." So saying, he went out, swung his Mjölner, and dead lay his two chariot goats. He threw the meat into the caldron, and spread the skins under the table. When the meat was done, he invited the whole family to partake of it, but strictly enjoined upon every one to save every bone, and throw them upon the skins. The blood which Thor had

saved in a drinking horn, became sparkling mead. Such feasting the peasants had never had in all their lives.

Next morning at daybreak, Thor flourished his hammer over the goat-skins with the bones wrapt in them, calling:—

"Mjölner, good in strife,
Awake my goats to life."

Instantly the goats jumped up, but one was lame in her hind leg. It appeared that Thialf, the boy, had, boy fashion, secretly broken a large bone to get at the marrow, and hence the lameness. The Thunderer, in a great rage, swore he would kill every one of them for having disregarded his order, and grasped his Mjölner to execute his threat. All four fell upon their knees before him, pale with terror, praying for their lives. The old man offered all he had, in compensation. Thor's wrath was soon appeased, and he spared their lives on the condition that both their children, Thialf and Roska, should enter his service. Nothing could be more welcome to Thialf than to accompany the great Thunderer on his journey to distant lands, and joyfully did he swing his pack upon his shoulders. The goat-team and carriage were left with the old people. Roska, the girl, was rather timid, but had to follow.

Scarcely had they set out, when a tremendous storm arose, and when they reached the ocean, which they had to cross, the waves lashed the shore as if bent to drag all to the bottom. Loke turned pale, and begged Thor to turn back to Valhalla, but he laughed in scorn at the coward, and said that it never should be a reproach to Asa-Thor that any thing had diverted him from his purpose.

As when a tremendous rock falls from on high into the deep sea, so the spray dashed in the air when Thor plunged into the water. Seeing their leader jump down, Loke and the children followed. Thor caught Roska and carried her on his back. Wilder and wilder the storm began to rage, but the waves dashed against Thor's breast as against a rock, and hurled their foam up to the moon. Suddenly a huge monster, three miles around, threw its leathery arms, half a mile long, out of the water, hauling them in as if fishing for them. Now and then it lifted its head a thousand feet above the water, opening a mouth like a mountain chasm. Loke quaked, Thialf shivered, and Roska almost buried herself in Thor's curls. Nearer and nearer came the monster, but when it opened its mouth again,

Thor threw his hammer right into it in such a way, that it went through the head and returned to its master's hand again. With a fearful howl, the monster sank straight to the bottom, making such a tremendous whirlpool that it would have engulfed Loke and Thialf had not Thor seized them by the hair and held them above water. At last the travellers landed safely on the opposite shore. But by this time night had set in, dark, and bitter cold. Their clothes became stiff with ice, and the snow fell in sheets from the impenetrable sky. Although fatigued and benumbed, they bravely sped on by the light of fiery dragons and many-colored meteors that continually furrowed the heavens in all directions. Loke swore he would never travel with Thor again, and Roska fainted away, and was carried by the Thunderer on his shoulders.

At last they arrived at a large hut of an odd shape; one whole side composed the door, and it contained two rooms only, of uncertain shape, neither square nor round. Loke and Thialf laid them down to sleep in the great hall, while Roska retired to the smaller chamber, and Thor held watch at the door, secretly cursing Utgårdalok for having thrown all these miseries in their way in order to prevent his coming to Utgård. While he sat brooding thus, a fearful noise arose close by him. He started to his feet, looked angrily about, and suddenly discovered by the flash of a meteor, a giant of enormous size, stretched on a knoll, snoring at a fearful rate. Thor, whose ire was up, seized Mjölner to stop such insolent snoring, when lo! the monster raised his huge form, his head almost vanishing in the clouds. Thor gazed in wonder, but immediately recovering himself, asked who he was and whence he came.

"I am Skrymner," sounded a hoarse voice from on high, "a servant of Utgårdalok, and I come from Jotunheim. Who *you are*, little man, I need not ask. You are Thor, the giant's enemy, on a war-path to Utgård. Much I have heard of your prowess, but on seeing you, hold you of little account. If you will step upon my hand, sweet boy, I will carry you home to my master's children. A beautiful toy you'll make for them. But," he exclaimed suddenly, to avert Thor's wrath,— "but where is my glove?" and fumbling about, he seized the hut, and lifting it up, saying, "Don't trouble yourself, Thor, I have got it; but fie!" he continued, "vermin have crept into it," and gave it such a shake that the bewildered children and Loke would have been dashed to splinters had not Thor

caught them as they came down. But Loke, who got bruised, began cursing at all the trolls and giants, and at Thor, who had brought him hither. "Hush, hush!" the latter said; "I have yet to learn that size is a sign of courage and strength."

"Hurry back as quick as you can, fair god," roared Skrymner's voice; "turn back to Asgård, this is no place for you. Why, in the name of Utgård's King, did you come here at all?"

"Because I wanted to," answered Thor, haughtily.

"Nonsense!" replied the giant, "no one would undertake such a journey without a purpose."

"If you insist," said Thor, "know then that I have long desired to see your feared king face to face. That, and nothing less, is my purpose." Here the giant burst into such a tremendous laugh that it shook the whole country. "My dear fellow, you are running your neck into a noose, whence you will never extricate it. Neither god nor elf that foolhardily went to Utgård, ever turned back again."

Thor struck his shield so that it thundered far and wide, and cried, — "Although you are of a mountain size, miserable slave of a boasting king, Mjölner will send you to Hela* quick enough, if I so list. Think you of frightening Valhalla's warrior-god? Were there more giants than pebbles on the beach, I should kill them all."

Seeing the wrath of Valhalla's son, Skrymner's heart failed him, and he quickly said, — "Since you insist upon it, my brave man, I myself will lead the way to Utgård. Be so kind as to follow me."

As they went on, the road became smooth and the weather pleasant. Evening came without further adventure, and they determined to pass the night in a pleasant grove near at hand. Skrymner threw his wallet to the ground, telling them to refresh themselves while he lay down to take a nap. "But," he added, "be careful, pray, lest you break the string. It is one of my dear wife's hairs, and I value it very much," and soon he was heard snoring in a dale close by.

Thor asked Roska to untie the string. But Roska's hands were too soft for such hard work, and she gave it to Thialf. In vain the brother strove, the knot did not yield. Thor smiled, and begged Loke to untie the knot, saying, — "I never knew a matter yet that you could not unravel; so try your skill." So Loke tried; he pulled, and twisted, and wrenched, but the wallet remained

closed. Then Thor suspected mischief, and seizing the wallet, tried to untie it himself. But the obstinate knot remained the same, and becoming enraged, he took his sword to cut it; but neither sinew or steel availed, the strings would neither yield nor break. Hunger and disappointment made his blood boil, and muttering something about churl and false sorcerer, he went to where the giant lay, and dealt him such a blow between the eyes with his hammer, that not a vestige would have been left of any ordinary skull, but the giant half opened his eyes, and said with a broad yawn, — "How light a fellow's sleep is while on a journey! I never thought that the fall of a leaf would awaken Skrymner from his dreams," and seeing Thor by his side, he added, "Ah, Thor, how do you like the things in my wallet? Even Sif could not have prepared better viands." And then he fell to snoring again, so that the mountains shook for miles around, and people thought it an earthquake.

Thor gave him a blow on his skull, more fearful than the first. "A plague upon this grove," exclaimed the giant; "again the fall of an acorn upon my nose must disturb my sleep: curse these squirrels! You still up, Thor! Go to your hut and get to sleep," and away he snored.

Thor's wrath knew no bounds. Drawing his belt tighter, which doubled his strength, he seized Mjölner with both hands and dealt such a blow that hammer and shaft were deeply buried in the giant's skull. Up sprang Skrymner, shouting, — "There's no rest for me here; my head aches; a bough must have fallen from that infernal tree! Come, let us begone! See, it is almost day!"

Thor, almost crestfallen at this, called his followers, and they resumed their journey.

When, after a while, they came in sight of a town, Skrymner told them to go straight to it, — that it was Utgård. He himself had to part with them, as his way lay in another direction. A few strides, and his huge form vanished out of sight.

Now the road began to get rough and slippery; for every step forward they seemed to slide back two. Night had set in when they arrived at a yawning cave, at the entrance of which two ghastly spectres kept watch; they were apparently a man and a woman, and kept chattering their teeth as if freezing. Raven feathers quivered on the crowns of their heads, leaden armor covered their rattling bones, and over this a winding sheet was swung; each held a dead man's bone in his hand as a sceptre. They accosted the

* Hela is queen of Helheim, the realm of death.

travellers thus, in a sepulchral voice: "Insane beings, turn back, turn back; your blood runs warm, your cheeks are rosy, you may yet fall in glorious fight. Only shadows of men from inglorious death-beds enter here."*

"Hear'st thou, Loke?" said Thor. "We have been misled; we are paying a visit to thy lovely daughter Hela."

Loke turned pale as the winding sheets before him, beseeching Thor not to enter Helheim, but he, touching the portal locks with the spear Skrymner had given him as key to all the locks in Utgård, boldly entered the opening gates. They crawled along a narrow passage, through granite rocks, obstructed by bones and stones, dust and ashes. This tunnel opened into a spacious cavern, crowded with bodiless shapes flitting and flickering in deadly silence, and shrinking away upon the approach of the shining god. At the end of the cavern, upon a throne constructed of skulls and dead men's bones, sat Hela. One half of her body was blue, the other was white, bleached in moonlight. She held a sceptre, made of dead men's bones. Funeral torches, thirteen in number, held by as many skeletons, lit up this dreary place, which was damp with the smell of graves. Thor excused himself to the dreary queen for his intrusion, relating how Skrymner had deceived him, and begged her to show him the way to Utgård.

Eagerly Hela replied: "Straight lies thy road, O Thor; hasten away out of my sight, thy health-blooming form is loathsome to me."

After insignificant adventures, Thor at last arrived before the gates of Utgård. A drearier place could not well be imagined. Eternal ice and snow covered the black rocks and crevices. At the gates huge giants kept watch, armed with uprooted pine-trees and shields of granite. Taking no notice of their threats, Thor knocked at the portals with Skrymner's spear. They flew open, and the party entered a spacious hall lit up by many colored lights, the rays of which were reflected from the diamonds and rubies that studded the roof and walls.

In the centre, upon his throne of gold and amber, sat Utgårdalok, king of all Utgård. Fearlessly the thunder god advanced to the foot of this dazzling throne, and threw such wild glances at the evil king, that, unable to bear it, he turned his head aside, while he struck his copper shield

with his diamond wand, so that the whole earth shook, and Thor was hardly able to stand.

"Thor, daring adventurer, take my advice and hasten away, for see the danger above thee," he said, in a grating voice.

Thor looked up, and saw a tremendous rock over his head, ready to fall. Calmly he replied, "What the Nornerna * have decreed must happen;" and bang! down came the rock, dashing itself to atoms at his feet; blue flames burst from the floor and walls of the cavern, filling the hall with suffocating gas. "Scorning thee and thy witchcraft," exclaimed Thor, haughtily, "I stand here to challenge thee now to the combat I long have sought. Descend and prepare for battle with Odin's son."

Utgårdalok, frightened at Thor's challenge, put another face on the matter, and said,—"Not so fast, my young friend. I meant no harm; all I did was only to try your courage, and well have you sustained your reputation. Let us go now to a friendly repast, and after that we may engage in such sports as behooves men and warriors." Saying which, he descended from his throne, and conducted the travellers to the dining-hall, where a splendid banquet had been prepared. The chairs and table were of porphyry, inlaid with gold; they drank their mead out of amber goblets; forks and knives they used none. The rumbling of waterfalls and whistling of winds, made music fit for such a scene. When Loke had quaffed a dozen goblets of sparkling mead, he recovered his good humor, which had been suppressed by the terrible sights he had seen during the journey, and said: "Look, you spoke of manly sports just now: let us have them; and to begin, I challenge the biggest giant of your court with the biggest gap, for mouth you have not, to eat with me."

"Great eater as you are, Loke, I pledge myself to have one who will be more than a match for you."

And at a signal, a being well calculated to frighten the stoutest heart leaped into the hall. Flames of all colors, like forked tongues, came hissing from every scale of his armor; his monstrous open mouth showed three rows of long, jagged teeth. His body was lank and slim, and his nails like vulture claws. Then a huge trough heaped full of beef was brought in, and, at a given signal, the combatants began to devour each at his end. In an astonishing short time

* The Scandinavians believed that only those men who died in battle, or killed themselves to escape death, went to Valhalla, the heaven of their religion. Those who died in their beds went to Hela, Queen of Hell, or Helheim.

* The Nornerna were three beings who took the same place in Scandinavian mythology as the Greek Fates, who meted out the destiny of all created things.

their mouths met half way, and so closely, that Loke's moustache was singed, but he dared not reproach his grim adversary. The judges inspected the remains, and declared that in eating the meat neither lost nor won, but inasmuch as the giant had not only eaten the beef, but every bone, and the trough to boot, the victory must belong to him.

"Well, Thor," said Utgårdalok, "you see how matters stand. You will have to make up for Loke's defeat."

Here Thialf sprang to his feet, saying, "Eating bones like a dog, I hold no creditable affair for a god, and I challenge you to a race on snow-shoes."

"Call in Hugo, my nimble servant," shouted the giant king; and in there came a being so slender that his shape could not be defined through the thin veil thrown over him; and so restless and nimble that he danced like a will-o-the-wisp. Thialf owned he had never beheld such an ethereal creature, and lost a little of his confidence. Starting at the given signal, Hugo already was half back again when Thialf reached the goal.

"Be not discouraged," said Utgårdalok, patting Thialf's shoulder; "try once more, perhaps you will succeed."

Thialf stretched out like a race-horse, and even took no breath, but he yet lacked a whole bow-shot behind.

"Let me try once more," he begged, pantingly, and eager for victory.

"I like thy spirit, boy," answered Utgårdalok, friendly, "and I grant it."

But the third time was a harder vent than the two others. The judges declared Hugo to be victor, and he disappeared as he came, without any leave-taking.

"I must confess that your companions, Thor, make a bad show, but the master will make amends for his servants, else I shall be compelled to hold the sons of Valhalla in but light esteem."

"Hand me the horn of sparkling mead," cried Thor. "Although Loke is beaten in eating, he must quaff deep who will outdo me in drinking."

A monstrous horn was dragged into the hall, so large that it had no room inside, and the lower end remained outside of the hall. Thor looked at it in amazement, but nothing daunted, seized

and lifted it to his lips. When the liquor gushed down his throat it was like the rushing of a cataract, and all eyes were turned at him in astonishment. Becoming aware, however, that he could not empty the horn in one draught, he set off, to look how much was left, when he found to his surprise that the mead had only sunk two inches. Taking a deep breath, he commenced again, and with the roar of a waterfall the liquor



went down his throat. His breath giving out, he looked once more, and only six inches were bare. Now his ire was up. Again clenching the obstinate horn with all his might, he poured the mead down his throat, so that its roar was ten times greater than that of the falls of Trotthälla itself, and Utgårdalok shivered like a dry leaf, and all the giants grew ashy pale.

"Stop," cried the king. "You shall not drown yourself; you are a bold drinker, but not equal to the task. There are few of my men who cannot empty it with the third draught, but you are too short of body."

Thor dashed down the horn in an indescribable rage.

"Compose yourself, my friend," said Utgârdalok: "you may yet win in other feats. The fame of your strength sounds far and wide; suppose you try lifting weights. Great as is your prowess, I defy you to lift our big Cat from the floor."

At this the floor parted, and a hideous cat appeared, grizzly, and dingy with scales, like a fish. Thor put his right hand under her belly and lifted, but the higher he lifted the longer the cat stretched, with her legs still on the ground. With another gigantic effort he struck the roof with his fist, so that huge rocks split off, but he only succeeded in getting three of the cat's feet from the floor, the fourth yet remaining on it. He furiously dashed the beast to the ground, and she speedily vanished. Mad with rage, he called Utgârdalok a great cheat and sorcerer, and challenged him to come down at once and fight with him, fist to fist.

"Is it wrestling you prefer?" answered the wily king. "I am willing to comply, but only when you have shown yourself strong enough to bring my old nurse to her knees."

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a crippled and withered old hag came hobbling into the hall upon crutches; her face was furrowed by deep wrinkles, her skin like a dried lemon, and her eyes were half closed. She was bent nearly double as she walked.

Thor turned aside in disgust, threatening Utgârdalok with instant death for such effrontery. Presently his anger turned to kindness, and he looked compassionately upon the old woman. When, ere he was aware, she leaped upon him, twisted her wiry arms like snakes around his body, holding him like a vice. He struggled mightily to free himself from her grasp, and his heels made deep furrows in the flinty floor. The struggle was a long and desperate one, but at last the warrior-god was brought down upon one knee by the old woman, who hobbled, chuckling, out of the hall.

A deep groan issued from the breast of the mortified god, and rising in his might before the crafty king, he cried,—"Black warrior and king of darkness, I charge thee to lead me out of this hole forthwith, ere Mjölner spits his flames and crushes thy black skull."

"Follow me," replied the king, quickly descending from his throne. "I will lead the way."

All five were soon out of Utgârd's palace, and

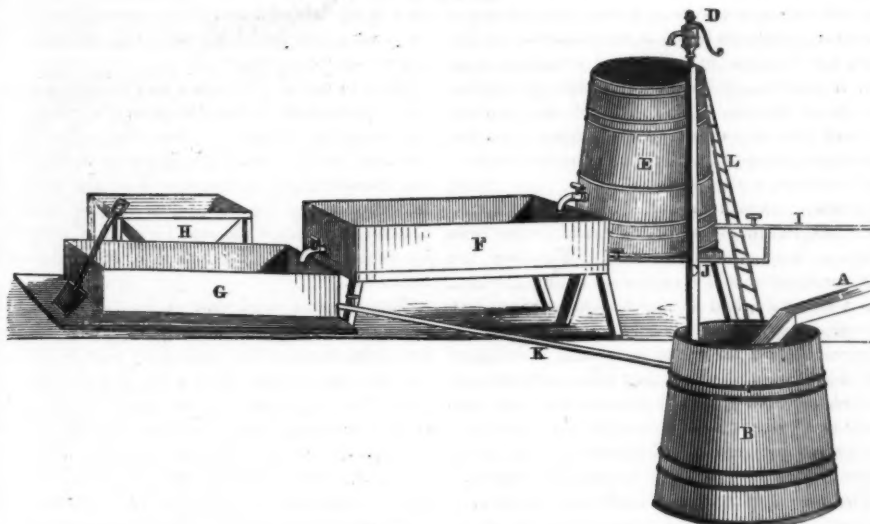
the gates slammed behind them. When Thor felt his blood grow warm again in the rays of the sun, he brooded vengeance upon the crafty giant. Utgârdalok perceived this, and realizing that Odin knew by this time all that had passed, he, fearing the Thunderer's vengeance, quickly said,—"Listen to me, great Thor. My danger is past and fear is over; you are out of my palace, and may Skulda prevent your ever coming there again. Great have been your deeds, ever to be remembered by gods and giants." Turning to Loke, he continued: "Be not ashamed too much, Loke, of your defeat; such gulping I never saw before by god or giant; but your adversary was no less a being than fire incarnate, and no wonder he devoured meat, bones, trough, and all. You, my lad," turning to Thialf, "never think to outrun my thoughts, for it was with them you tried your speed. And be it known to you, great Thor, that the horn you strove to empty, lay with one end at the bottom of the ocean; and when we saw the water sink far below the tide mark at the first draught, our cheeks were pale with fear lest you should empty it entirely. Wonder not at your inability to lift our cat; it was Jormungarda herself, the big snake that binds the world together.* Had you succeeded in lifting her fourth foot from the floor, the earth would have fallen to pieces. Fearful to look upon was your struggle with my old nurse, but you, in the end, will be brought down by Time. And it was Time you wrestled with upon your knees. Take warning by this, great Thor, and lower your pride. When I heard the rattling of your car over the bridge Bifrost, I knew it boded me ill, and I have done all I could to prevent your coming to Utgârd. By witchcraft I blinded your eyes to mistake my glove for a hut; and when you thought of striking Skrymner,—that was I too,—I lay behind the rock which you struck. Every blow would have killed me, had it fallen on my head. Look here; these deep crevices were made by your hammer, on that dreadful night."

At this Thor, unable to restrain himself, seized his hammer to aim a last blow at the giant's skull, but he had vanished, and his shadow alone was seen passing the top of the mountain. Without further adventure they journeyed on, and soon reached Valhalla. Thialf and Roska remained in Valhalla,—Thialf with Thor, and Roska with Freya.

* The Scandinavians, indeed, thought that our world was kept together by a big snake, who, with her tail in her mouth, made a tight band around it.

AN EAGLE IN THE MUD.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT.



- A. Trough conducting the waste acid liquor from the wire-mill.
 B. Tank holding the accumulated waste of one week.
 C. Pipe of lead, protected by wood, to bottom of tank B.
 D. Pump of wood, to place the liquor in neutralizing tank.
 E. Tank, same capacity (from faucet up) as F. (to neutralize the acid with iron).
 F. Evaporating vessel, inclined a little toward tank G.
 G. Crystallizing vessel of same capacity as F., lined with sheet lead, a little inclined toward pipe K.
 H. Draining vessel, large enough to hold crystals of one operation from G.
 I. Steam pipe into tank E.
 J. Steam pipe to vessel F., coil of lead pipe inside.
 K. Pipe of iron to conduct off the mother liquor.
 L. Ladder.

A THICK, greasy, reddish-brown mass of mud, and ten score gallons of thin, greasy, reddish-brown water, lay on the ground, as unattractive as such a sight is apt to be; and very quiet it was, too, as though lying in wait for some wandering shoe or boot, that it might make a hole in it, and spoil its good looks generally. It was strange mud, and, to cap the climax, had an eagle in it.

How this latter fact was discovered, will no doubt be asked; and, very probably, the assertion will be accepted with some grains of allowance, when it is admitted that the mud in question was never disturbed, except by the sun, that took up its water, and by wagon-wheels and feet, that, passing to and fro, took up and scattered it, for week after week, here a little and there a little.

Eddie Mauleverer put his foot into it one day, and he spoilt a shoe thereby; he had of late been studying chemistry quite enthusiastically, so, as his disposition naturally was to find the reason

why, he set about finding the cause of the destruction of his shoe, and in his investigation, found an eagle in the mud. Although it was this eagle that had worsted the shoe, it had not used claws or beak in the molestation; but nevertheless, it was beyond the cobbler's power to mend the rent, for the untorn leather would not hold a thread.

Eddie gathered up some of the reddish-brown muddy water the day following, and taking it home, placed it where it would not be disturbed, and waited for it to settle. This it soon did, and then decanting the clear liquor, he made ready to test it. He felt pretty sure as to what it was, chemically, and how it came where he found it; but he very properly took nothing for granted, but endeavored to prove every thing as he went along. He did not believe it was nitrate of silver in solution; but he tried it, nevertheless, with salt, or chloride of sodium, to see, and there was no white precipitate of chloride of silver, as he knew there would not be.

"Perhaps it is oil of vitriol or sulphuric acid," he said to himself; "this is the commonest acid in general use,—at least, that will eat leather;" and he glanced at the discarded shoe, as he emptied and washed the test tube. Taking a modicum of the clear liquor, he tested it with chloride of barium, knowing the sulphuric acid would show itself, if present, by a dense white precipitate, known as baryta. Scarcely had the barium touched the liquor in the test tube, than the white powder appeared, and Eddie knew that he had sulphuric acid to deal with.

Learning thus much, Eddie started for the place where the mass of mud and water was lying, to learn whence it came. Reaching the spot, he found that the adjoining building, which was a wire-mill, had a wire-washing department nearest the spot where lay the mud, and that a drain carried off the waste water and contents of the cleaning tubs, when they were emptied and washed, and that generally none of this mud and water was to be met with outside the building; but a temporary closing of the drain had forced the mill operatives to throw it upon the ground.

The *modus operandi* of cleansing the wire, is simply this:—Into wooden tanks, holding about two hundred gallons each, is placed about one hundred and fifty gallons of water, which is strongly acidulated with the oil of vitriol, and the mass is then heated by a jet of steam discharged into it. When it becomes nearly or quite boiling hot, the wire, ten or twelve bundles at a time, is lifted into it by means of a derrick, allowed to remain from twenty to forty minutes, when it is taken out and placed upon a wooden floor having a decided slope, where it is dashed with buckets of water, to free it from the acid liquor.

Bundle after bundle of wire is thus treated, until the acid liquor in the tubs becomes too foul to cleanse the wire, when it is emptied out into the drain we have mentioned, or, as in the instance first referred to, poured upon the ground, constituting the mud with an eagle in it.

The object of cleansing the wire is to free it from the particles, scale and rust, which unavoidably form during the various processes which it has to undergo, in being brought from the bloom of the sinking fire to the blocks that draw it to the desired size. Of course, the liquor of the washing vats, that at first is purely acid and water, finally becomes strongly impregnated with iron, the acid uniting with the oxidized particles of the unfinished wire.

Further experiments by Eddie showed to him

that this waste material, as rejected by the wire-washers, was a diluted solution of sulphate of iron, with a trace of free acid; in drying down a little in a watch crystal, he caused the deposition of crystals of a rich bluish green color, which he at once recognized as the drug commercially known as "copperas."

How to utilize this liquor now became a prominent question in Eddie Mauleverer's mind; and the means he devised, set free the eagle in the mud, as we shall see. His first step was to learn the amount of oil of vitriol used in the wire-mill in the course of the year; and finding that the amount certainly warranted his taking the trouble to devise a plan for saving it, he commenced forthwith.

The amount used was, at least, five hundred carboys *per annum*, or about ten a week. There are about one hundred and sixty pounds of acid in a carboy; so that there were sixteen hundred pounds of acid used in a week, and in the year of fifty working weeks, eighty thousand pounds of sulphuric acid. This acid, when free from water, is a white powder, but in this state it is almost impossible to keep it. On exposure, it very rapidly becomes a rather thick, syrupy liquid, and it is in this state that it is used and purchased. The commercial acid, when good, contains 78 per cent. of the dry or anhydrous acid.

Eddie's calculation was after this manner. As one hundred parts of oil of vitriol contain seventy eight parts of dry acid; therefore, the eighty thousand pounds of acid, as received from the wire-mill, will contain sixty-two thousand four hundred pounds of the dry acid. Referring now to his text-books, Eddie found that the atomic weight of copperas was 139, and of this, 40, the atomic weight of dry sulphuric acid. An example in simple proportion now suggested itself as the means of determining the amount of copperas it was practicable to manufacture from the acid liquor derivable from the wire-washing vats. The example was this,—

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Two hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred and forty pounds of copperas! This was made in a year, in washing wire, and hitherto had been thrown away, to the souring of more than one well of formerly most excellent water. At forty dollars per ton, this would amount to forty-three hundred and thirty-six dollars and eighty cents.

With these figures carefully made out in detail, Eddie went to the proprietor of the wire-

mill, and presented them, seeking encouragement to proceed with his work, and plan the necessary machinery. He received the desired encouragement.

"Your figures are very reasonable," Mr. Goodwin said, "and if you will bring me a plan, as you suggest, that will bear upon the face of it a reasonable amount of practicability, you will find it to your advantage as well as mine."

Eddie Mauleverer knew that time was money, and avoided trespassing a moment more than was necessary upon Mr. Goodwin's time, so when he had received the answer above recorded, he immediately withdrew; and in his own little sanctum, set himself to determine the best means to secure the desired end.

"A tank to catch the waste liquor in, when they empty the vats in the mill, is necessary," muttered Eddie to himself, and he lazily sketched a round tank, broad on the bottom, and sloping gently to a somewhat smaller top. "Now, a trough will be needed to conduct the liquor. This must be wood, too, as the liquor has an excess of acid that would eat a metal pipe," and Eddie drew a wooden trough, leading into the tank he had sketched. Here he came to a standstill, and leaned his head on his hands for some time, not feeling sure what it were best to do, now he had the receiving-tank.

"I have it," he exclaimed at last, and taking up his pencil, he drew an upright slender figure, to represent a pipe of lead, protected by a wooden, box-shaped cover. This was to go from the bottom of the tank, well up into the air, and was surmounted by a pump. "This tank I have drawn is down in the ground," he said to himself, "and now I want another, larger one, to pump into and neutralize in;" and he drew a second tank, on a platform, with the pump-nozzle overhanging it. Then he drew a ladder, with which to get at the pump. "This tank," he continued, "must hold more than the receiving-tank, so that the neutralizing iron will not make it run over. It must be allowed to settle,—the liquor I mean,—for freedom from trash of all kinds is to be the condition of the copperas, when made. This liquor, when ready to draw off, will be very dilute, and a tank to evaporate in is the next thing," and Eddie drew a square tank, with a supposed capacity equal to that of the round tank he had just finished, from the faucet up. The sediment was to be allowed to settle, and when the liquor was clear at the faucet, it would be drawn off, to boil down. "This tank will need a coil of lead pipe along its sides, to pass steam

through, so that it will not only get the liquor hot, but boil it," and Eddie drew a steam-pipe leading from the mill to the evaporating tank; and then made an addition to it, leading into the neutralizing tank, as he remembered that the free acid would take up iron, if the mass was heated very promptly, while, if cold, the action would go on very slowly. "Now I've reached to the boiling down. What comes next? I like the looks of it, so far," and Eddie surveyed his incomplete drawing with a good deal of satisfaction.

"A crystallizing vat comes next, and this need not hold as much as the boiling-tank, as the latter is filled and boiled down very much, so that a half of its capacity will do," and Eddie commenced to draw, but hesitated before he had proceeded far, and then said to himself, "No, I'll have it the same size, for a larger boiler might be needed, and we had better, in that case, make one change than two. It must be of the same size," and he drew it so, accordingly. "It must be lined with lead, as the wood would splinter very much in getting out the crystals, if unprotected, and it will be neater anyhow." The next article required was a strainer of wood, on which the crystals were to dry, preparatory to barreling up and shipping. A square frame, with a deep trough suspended in it, with a door at one end, answered this purpose very well; and when Eddie had drawn this, and added a shovel and necessary lettering, by way of explanation, he had produced the picture which heads this article.

Taking his completed drawing, Eddie went again to Mr. Goodwin's office, and presented it. Mr. Goodwin was surprised to see him so soon again, but listened attentively to his explanation of the plan he had drawn. Step by step, he described the process of manufacture, and how the proposed machinery would facilitate that process. When he had said his say, Mr. Goodwin told him that he was satisfied the plan would work, and that he would erect the machinery immediately. "I will give you, Mr. Mauleverer, a dollar and a half a day, to superintend its erection, in connection with the carpenter; and when we get it under way, we will make further arrangements concerning your interest in it."

Eddie replied that he was abundantly satisfied, and retired.

Day after day, for three weeks, Eddie was at the carpenter-shop, or at the mill, watching the construction of the copperas works, and in due time they were completed; and then came an

anxious day for him. A quantity of waste acid-liquor had been emptied into the receiving-tank, and then pumped into the neutralizing tank. So far, all had worked well. The iron turnings, from a lathe in the mill, had been put in to neutralize with, and the action was going briskly on. The day following, the liquor was neutral, and turned into the evaporator to boil. Steam was applied, and gradually the thin, pale-green liquor became thicker, and deeper green, and when the acidometer indicated a large per cent. of iron in solution, Eddie, about six o'clock that evening, turned the faucet, and allowed it to run into the crystallizing pan, to cool, and deposit the copperas.

All that night Eddie dreamed of big crystals and small; a solid mass of crystal and no crystals; a wire-mill crystallized into an iceberg of

copperas, and then a dish of sour water, in which was floating an imp that laughed at him when he came in the morning.

Morning came at last, and Eddie's mind was relieved. A heavy crop of clean, large crystals of copperas was the result of the working up of the trial-vat full of liquor.

"All very well, but where is the eagle you spoke of, when you commenced the story?" I hear my readers ask.

Well, the crop of crystals weighed one thousand pounds, and Mr. Goodwin sold them to a dyer, at two cents per pound; and a day or two after the sale, he told Eddie that as long as he chose to superintend the copperas works, he would give him half the proceeds; and so saying, placed in Eddie's hand *ten dollars*.

WILLIE'S LAMENT.

THE LOST SHOES.

BY K. D.

I've lost my shoes — my only pair,
And now I shall have none to wear.
And yet I kept them with such care,
Hoping they'd last another year.

But they are gone;
Oh dear! oh dear!

When shall I get another pair?

I know they were not very new,
For my big toe was looking through;
But then the soles were firm and true,
Admitting neither rain nor dew.

But they are gone;
Oh dear! oh dear!

When shall I get another pair?

I sit and shiver, with a sigh
To think that shoes are still so high,
In bleak December: I may die
Too poor, — another pair to buy.

But these are gone;
Oh dear! oh dear!

I'll never get another pair!

To you they seemed but mean indeed,
To me they were kind friends in need,
Willing so oft to take the lead,
And carry me at any speed.

But they are lost;
Oh dear! oh dear!

I thought I left them by my chair.

I own they were not over good,
But all my ways they understood;
Dancing with me in merry mood,
Yet on my rest would ne'er intrude.

But they are gone;
Oh dear! oh dear!

I'll never love another pair.

You say my time I should employ,
And let this loss no more annoy:
Oh pity a poor shoeless boy,
Who's lost his greatest Sunday joy!

My shoes are gone,
My feet are bare,

Please give me now another pair.

THE FLIGHT OF THE DOLLS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

How could the heart of doll wish for any thing more in such a baby-house! It was fitted up in the most complete style; there were coal-hods for all the grates, and gas fixtures in the drawing-rooms, and a register, (which would not *redge*, however!) carpets on all the floors, books on the centre-table; every thing to make a sensible doll comfortable. But they were not happy,



these dolls, seven of them, not counting the paper dolls. They were very discontented. They had always been happy till the Spanish Doll had come among them, dressed in a gypsy dress, yellow and black lace. But she had talked to them so much about the world that all were anxious to go abroad and see it, all, — from the large one that could open and shut her eyes, to the littlest china that could not sit down.

So they set out, one clear night. The Spanish Doll had put a chip in the play-room window that made it easier to open; and the Large Doll had slept outside the baby-house, so she opened the doors and let out the others. All stepped safely upon the piazza. Where should they go first?

The first plan was for the Lamb-pen, and they made for it directly. The Spanish Doll walked through its slats; the Large Doll pushed in the little ones, but when she came to go in herself, horrible to say — she *stuck*! The Spanish Doll pulled, and the little dolls ran out and pushed. No use!

If Angelina Maria could have seen her Large Doll now! But no, Angelina Maria's head was asleep on its pillow; she little knew of the escape of her dolls!

At last said the Large Doll, "Wake up the

Lamb, and tell him!" Which they did, and he came and butted, till he butted the Large Doll out. "It is no use," said the Large Doll, "we must try something else," and the rest all came out of the pen. They went to the Dovecote. The Spanish Doll quickly climbed the ladder; so could the Large Doll. But when she turned to help the little ones, her head was too heavy, and she was not stiff enough to stoop. "We must try something else," said she, and the Spanish Doll had to come down, scolding Spanish all the way. Then they walked down the garden walk, all in a procession, the Large Doll leading the way; they reached the arbor at the foot of the garden. "Let us all sit in a row here," said the Large Doll. So they got upon the seat, facing the door, running up a board that was laid against the seat. Here they sat till the morning began to dawn. Angelina Maria could have seen them now, but she was still fast asleep on her pillow.

"This will never do," exclaimed the Large Doll, as soon as light came, "for they can see us from the play room, our eyes all in a row." They must hide during the daytime, and start on their journey when night should come again. But where should they go? They walked up and down the garden alleys. The scarlet poppies nodded to them sleepily, and the roses put out a thorn or two, to get them to stop. The little China would have been very tired, but a broad-backed toad kindly offered to carry her. If Angelina Maria could have seen them now!

"Let us speak to some of the animals," said the Large Doll, "and ask where we shall hide."

"Not the cat," said a middle-sized Doll, "for she makes up faces."

"Suppose we ask the birds," said the Large Doll, for they were just waking up. The Spanish Doll soon made acquaintance with an Oriole, who agreed to take her up to his nest for the day. It was just fitted up, and Mrs. had not moved in. Fortunately, the Spanish Doll was quite slender, so the Oriole could lift her, and her dress matched his feathers. The squirrels kindly took some of the others into their nests under the beech-tree, and the Large Doll tucked the littlest China into a fox-glove. "Where shall I go myself?" thought she. "There is one comfort; if I want to go to sleep, I can shut my eyes, which none of the rest can do, wherever

they are!" So she walked round till she came to a water-melon, with a three-cornered piece cut out. She climbed up on a rabbit's back, and looked in. A cat had eaten out the inside. "This will do very well for me," said she, "and I feel like having a nap by this time, if only somebody would pull my wire!" The Rabbit knew of a dragon-fly who was strong in his feelers; but the Large Doll had an objection to dragon-flies, so she flung herself in with a jounce, and that closed her eyes. The Rabbit tucked in her skirts, and there she was.

Could Angelina Maria have seen them now! Some hidden among the low branches of the spruces, where the robins had invited them; some still chatting in the bushes, with the jays; the Spanish Doll swinging in the Oriole's nest, way up in the elm. That was life!

But Angelina Maria was calmly eating her breakfast. A friend had invited her to a picnic for the day, so, instead of thinking of her doll, she was planning what she should carry.

One thought she did give to her Large Doll. She wished to take her to the picnic. But, of course, she could not be found! If the Large Doll only had known, how she would have regretted that she had run away! For she was fond of picnics, and now she was sleeping in this damp melon!

But she knew nothing of it till the Spanish Doll came to wake her, and tell her that all the family had gone away for the day. Far up in the Oriole's nest in the elm-tree, the Spanish Doll had seen them go. Now, if ever, was the time for fun. So the Large Doll came out of her melon, jumped open her eyes, assembled the rest, and asked what they should do. A large Dor-bug who was going that way, advised them to try the strawberry-bed. "Oh, yes," all exclaimed, "the strawberry-bed!"

The procession was formed, but two were missing! In passing the fox-gloves, where the little China had been hidden, many had shut up never to open again, and she could not be found. A middling-sized Doll, with boots, was missing also! In vain they called, there was no answer.

The Spanish Doll ran up a nasturtian vine, to see that all was safe. She sate on a scarlet nasturtian, at the very top of the post, and declared "all was quiet in the strawberry bed," and came down.

What a jolly time they had among the strawberries! The Large Doll sat under a vine, and the strawberries dropped into her mouth, and the

stiffer dolls stood up and helped themselves. Such fun as they had! They got strawberries all over their faces, and their hands, and their light dresses! This they liked so much, for they usually had to be so careful. How they chatted,



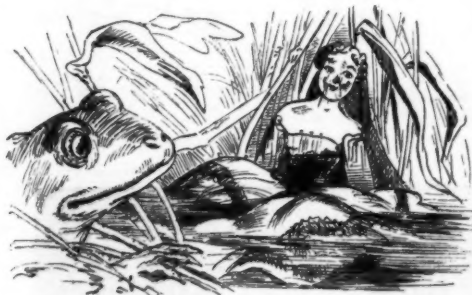
and one told how the squirrels lived, and another about the robins. And the Spanish Doll told how delightful it was up in the Oriole's nest. She had half a mind to hire it for the summer. All this was much more charming than their dull baby-house; though the Large Doll declared she had been used all her life to better society than she had yet found in the melon.

But all this festivity was put an end to by a sudden shower! The Spanish Doll, afraid for her black lace, made for a hen-coop, where she had a battle with a Poland. The rest ran into the summer-house.

As soon as the rain ceased, however, all came out from their hiding-places. There was a beautiful rainbow in the sky, and as the dolls walked down the alley, they suddenly saw that the garden gate was open. They ran eagerly toward it, and soon were out in the Wide World! They crossed the broad road, into the fields, into the meadows. They stumbled through a potato-patch, and ran in and out of corn-stalks. They hardly stopped to breathe, all but one Doll, whose mouth was always open, so that it was the same. They reached a little stream and ran along its border, and never stopped till they came to a shady place among some trees, by mossy rocks. Here they might be safe, and here they stopped to think.

Hunger was their first sensation. One of the dolls drew from her pocket a pewter gridiron, which she had snatched from the kitchen fire when they fled, the night before. There were three fish on it, one red, one yellow, one blue. These they shared, and were satisfied for a little while. How lovely was the spot, they began to

say. How charming it would be to set up house-keeping among the rushes. It was even suggested that, from time to time, one of them might return to the deserted Baby-house, and bring from it comfortable furniture—a dish here, a flat-iron there. But in the midst of their cheerful talk, a terrible accident!



The Spanish Doll was thirsty, and leaning over the edge of a brook, she lost her balance, and fell into the water! The exhausted dolls all rushed to the rescue. All their efforts were vain; but a large Bull-frog kindly came to help, and lifted the Spanish Doll's head from the stream, and propped it up against the reeds. But what a state she was in! The bright color washed from her cheeks, her raven hair all dimmed, the lustre of her eyes all gone. A fashionable Doll in vain attempted consolation, suggesting the greater charms of light hair and rats; in vain did the Large Doll speak of the romance of the adventure, and call the Bull-frog their Don Quixote: a heavy gloom hung over all. It was the Spanish Doll that had led them on, that had kept up their spirits; now hers had failed, and with her feet still in the water, she leaned her head wearily against the reeds.

Suddenly, voices were heard! Steps approached! Each doll rushed to a hiding-place. It was the voice of Angelina Maria herself! Some of the picnic party had decided to walk down the stream, on their way home, and Angelina Maria was among them.

The Spanish Doll had drawn a reed across her face, to hide it, but the Large Doll had not been able to fly quickly enough, and was left in full view, leaning against a mullein. A blush suffused her cheek. What was Angelina Maria's surprise!

"Who can have brought my Large Doll here?" she exclaimed. "It must have been the boys,"—meaning her brothers; "how wicked

of them to leave her out in that shower. And here are the twins, Euphrosyne and Calliope, all hidden among the bushes, and dear little Eunice! They look as if they had been in the wars! How could Tom have known we were coming this way? How naughty of him!"

"Perhaps he meant a little surprise," suggested her uncle. But Angelina Maria picked up her dolls and fondled them, and were not they glad of the rest, after that weary march?

All but the Spanish Doll! Why had she not spoken? And would Angelina Maria have known her Spanish Doll if she had? When the trees were left all silent again, and the voices had died away, perhaps the Spanish Doll was sorry she had hidden her face,—that she had not lifted up her arms. But she was very proud. How could she have borne to be recognized? For she felt that one of her feet was washed off by the flowing stream, and her gay yellow and black dress soiled and torn.

The Bull-frog at last succeeded in lifting her to the shore. A kindly Musk-rat begged her to be his housekeeper; limping, she went into his soft-lined home, and was grateful even for this humble abode. Often she thought of the past, and cheered the simple fireside with tales of adventure, with the grandeur of Life in a Baby-house, and how she might have been the bride of an Oriole. But was she not missed in the baby-house? Angelina Maria wept her loss, but her uncle consoled her by telling her the Spanish Doll must have retired to one of her castles



in Spain. This cheered Angelina Maria, and she busied herself in fitting new dresses for the poor travel-stained dolls she had left.

So this was the end of the Flight of the Dolls. You can imagine whether they ever tried it again, or rested satisfied with their comfortable home. A few days after, Angelina Maria saw a little head peeping out of a withered fox-glove. It was that of the littlest China. She was much emaciated, having had nothing to eat, but a few drops of honey brought her by a benevolent Bee. Even these had cloyed.

Years after, when the spout of the wood-house was cleared out, the boots of a middling-sized Doll were seen. They belonged to the middling-sized Doll with boots, who had clambered up to the dove-cote, and had lost her balance in the gutter. She had passed a miserable existence summer and winter, bewailing her fate, and looking at her boots.



Mother Goose Melodies.

"TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN."

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief, Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wa'n't at home; Taffy came to my nouse and stole a marrow-bone;

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed, I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,

I took the marrow-bone and beat about his head, I took the marrow-bone and beat about his head.

PATCHWORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

WHAT a calendar our magazine is! Here comes the March number, and when you read the name of the month on the cover, you see that the buds are swelling; open to the frontispiece, and at once you see how animated Nature is, after her winter's sleep. The Spring has plainly come, as you can see by the action of the Cow; and looking closely at the Cat, we think that in another moment she will dance off, over the pitcher, over the laughing Dog, and with a Hey diddle diddle lead along the runaway couple. But March is not wholly Dance, as we all know. The cold winds blow from February, the moon looks down on the white snow and frozen ground; then the wood-piles get low, and the shivering poor wish for April and sunnier days and warmer nights. Have you found the other large picture? Look at the cold moon throwing its searching light over the field upon poor Goody Blake stretching out her bands, and on Harry Gill shivering, as his cruelty comes back to his hard heart and freezes him; see the tree stretching out its branches at the man, as if taking part with Goody, and saying, — Go, go, cold man! Hear Wordsworth's famous lines, and then, before you put more wood on the fire, stop and think if some one near may not be shivering.

But come! Now is the time for fireside travels, and in these raw days, what so pleasant as a quick journey to the land of pine-apples? Visit Guayaquil with the traveller who has been there, and anon he shall conduct us to Lima, to Chili, and back again to Panamá, showing us sights, and making us at home in distant lands. And while on excursions, there is a far-off land of wonder — Jotunheim — whither Thor, with his great sledge-hammer, shall take us. Perhaps some will read it on the day set apart formerly for the worship of Thor, who was the Jupiter of the North, the fifth day of the week, called after his name. Our forefathers who worshipped him, called March the length-month, because the days begin sensibly to lengthen, and out of the word came *Lent*, the time of fast in the Christian Church. With them, as with the Romans, it was the first month of the year, and that is the reason why, when we get round to September, we find that our ninth month is in Latin the seventh, our

tenth the eighth (*Octo-ber*), and so on; and as the year is now born, it is proper that the first chirps and scratchings of insects should be heard, and W. H. D., accordingly, has been poking about the snow and tree-trunks for us. Next month, Spring will be fairly upon us, and we mean to remember it in our choice of subjects.

It was a disappointment to us that in these long winter nights we could not tell more about games to be played, and merry thoughts for home circles. You have heard about Kaleidoscopes and Burglars, and next month the writer of that article will give the promised account of the Shadow Charades, which were acted at Bessie's Birthday Party. But if any of you have invented any good plays, or know of some not generally known, why not send the account to our Editor, who wishes nothing more than to make all the young people in the land happy? A friend sent us the other day an account of a game which was described in our number for May last year, under the title of *Verbaneum*, and has given so much pleasure to those who learned of it for the first time there, that we are tempted to repeat it. Each member of the company is provided with paper and pencil, and some word agreed upon — as CREATION, let us say — is written by each at the head of the paper. For three, four, or five minutes, as may be agreed, let each write upon his paper all the words, beginning with C, that can be made out of the eight letters, using each letter only once. They must be real words, either the names of people or places, or words that can be found in the dictionary. They will be *cat, can, car, con, Cain, cone, core, cot, citron*, and ever so many more. When the time is up, one begins to read aloud his list, spelling the word. If each of the others have the word, it counts nothing for any one; if all but one have it, it counts one for each of the rest; if all but two, then two for each, and so on; those not having it, counting nothing. The word is scratched, and the next one taken. In turn each of the party reads his words which have not before been read, and so it goes round. The same process is carried on with words that can be made up out of *Creation*, beginning with R, as *react, rice, roc*, and so on; *rector* could not be used,

because the *r* is repeated. Then *E* is taken, and so on. The winner is the one who counts up the most marks at the end. It is surprising how many words can be made out of these letters. Our correspondent counted one hundred and forty-seven made from *Creation*, and there may easily have been more.

Now for Uncle Walter's double acrostic, which we were not allowed to print in the last number:—

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

KEY WORDS. — (1st.)

My first's a humble little thing,
Of many a varied mood;
Light as the lightest feather,
But "mightier than the sword."
Sometimes as dull as dullest lead;
Brilliant sometimes as steel;
A very powerful weapon too,
For either woe or weal.

(2d.)

One of twins, born dumb and blind,
But always quick to hear;
I listen at confessionals,
And hearken far and near;
To me, do lovers lip their vows,
To me, do kings confide;
And one, in me, the poison poured
That won him throne and bride.

1. A lovely Queen, in ancient Greece,
Weeping her lord away,
Weaving a web of colors bright,
Through all the sunny day.
That weary Queen, in ancient Greece,
Behold at set of sun,
Unraveling with eager hand,
The work that she has done.
2. Once in my wild and wayward youth,
I crossed the raging sea,
On good old *Taurus*, strong and bold,
A sort of *Junk* was he!
But fate has turned the tables, now:
Though ploughing still the sea,
I cross no longer on a bull,
John Bull doth cross on me!
3. I am that famous King of the Jews,
Who took off his stockings and put on his shoes, —
Who deserted his people, his feasts, and his queens,
And retired to the desert to live upon greens.

ENIGMA. BY EMMETT O'BRIEN.

I am composed of 31 Letters:

- My 7, 2, 15, 19, 8, 18, 12, 9, is one of the Western States.
 " 15, 24, 16, 13, 5, 14, 11, is a cape southeast of Virginia.
 " 3, 17, 1, 12, 26, 6, is a lake in California.
 " 13, 30, 10, is a river in the United States.
 " 17, 25, 12, 19, is a lake in Utah.
 " 23, 29, 22, 9, 4, is a river in Georgia.
 " 22, 20, 12, 31, 15, 16, is a lake in Minnesota.
 " 21, 24, 27, 23, 30, is a river in Arkansas.
 " Whole is an old Proverb.

CHARADES BY C. N.

1. In the grim shelter of my first,
My second loves to hide;
Like the last golden gleams of day,
On rugged mountain side:

And thus my whole its name receives,
From what it is and where it lives.

2. See the conquering hero comes,
Borne on my first 'mid shout and song;
Which speak my second's grateful praise,
And find response in every tongue.
My whole you 'll find a fav'rite flower,
Adorning garden, house, and bower.
3. Wild, wayward youth my first requires,
In life's exciting scenes;
My second each one seeks to win,
When life has passed its teens;
My whole is a miniature representation,
By peace-loving people, of war's termination.

SHO!

SIBILANT SENTIMENT.

SAM STUBBS strolled slowly surveying sunset's serene splendor. Sweet songsters softly sung silvery strains. Sombre shade solemnly surrounded sylvan scenes. Stillness seemed stepping stocking-footed skyward; stifling sound, soothing sense, suggesting sentiment, stilling strife, silencing sorrowing suffering. Sleep seemed stealthily stealing sluggish sense. Sam Stubbs seemed sad. Sam Stubbs sighed. So Simooms sweeping savagely southward, sometimes sigh. Sam Stubbs sighed sonorously. Still Sam sauntered silently, seemingly subdued, softened, seraphized.

Sam's soft susceptibilities surrendered sometime since (so sundry sage spinsters say). Seraphina Stiggins saw something seemingly sufficiently sapient. So surely Sam Stubbs sought Seraphina Stiggins. Sam's steps squashed snow-drops, cow-bugs, sorrel; striped snakes stung Sam's stout soles. Sparrows snugly settled shrank, suspiciously, seeing Sam's stupendous strides. Still Sam sauntered silently. Suddenly somebody shrieked, "Samuel Stubbs!" Sam staggered: said "Scissors," stopped, surveyed surrounding space; Seraphina Stiggins sitting solus, simpered sweetly. So Sam stammered, "Servant, Seraphina." She seemed sentimentally satisfied. So Sam seeing Seraphina's snavity, squatted, simply saying "Slick sunset!" Somehow speech seemed scarce. Sam's syntax sloped. Seraphina's silvery syllables scampered shamefully. So, sitting silently, Sam stroked Sam's shins. Seraphina smoothed Seraphina's seven shilling silk. Stupid silence! Seraphina sighed. So Sam Stubbs sighed. Soon she spoke solemnly, "Surely singleness seems sorrowful; surely sentimental souls seek sympathy; surely, Samuel, sadness sometimes steepens sympathetic souls." Sam shook sensibly. Sam's speech surely stayed somewhere. Sam stuttered, spluttered, stammered. Sam said "Sho!" Shakespearean shades! see Seraphina starting suddenly, standing scornfully scanning Sam's sprawling symmetry. She satirically sibilated "Stupid simpleton! shabby sheep - stealing, sneaking sniveler! subservient subaltern! sooner shall Seraphina Stiggins seek scanty subsistence scrubbing sinks, sooner scour small-sized stoves, sooner skin snakes, steal steamboats, swallow shin-soups, sooner sweep streets, sew shoes, split sails, side - saddles, sooner shingle shops, sell shaving - strops, sooner, sooner, soon, soo, soo!" — Seraphina sloped, sniveling scornfully. Some single souls see some slight severity sprinkling Seraphina's speech. Such should survey, solemnly, Sam's sin. Sam said, "Sho!" — Since Sam's sleep, seventeen summers saluted submissive sub-lunarians. Snow, sleet, sash, sorrow, sin, severally saddened smiling souls. Sunshine, sunbeams, summer showers, severally strewed sustaining sweetness, soothing sadness, supporting sorrow. Sh! — speak softly. Sam Stubbs' sofa supports Seraphina Stubbs! Swift suppers sometimes sit serenely. Sam's sat so. Seraphina steeped senna, suggested salts. Soon Sam seemed sprightlier, smiling, said, "Sweet spouse, surely sentimental souls seek sympathy." Seraphina simply said, "Sho!"

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